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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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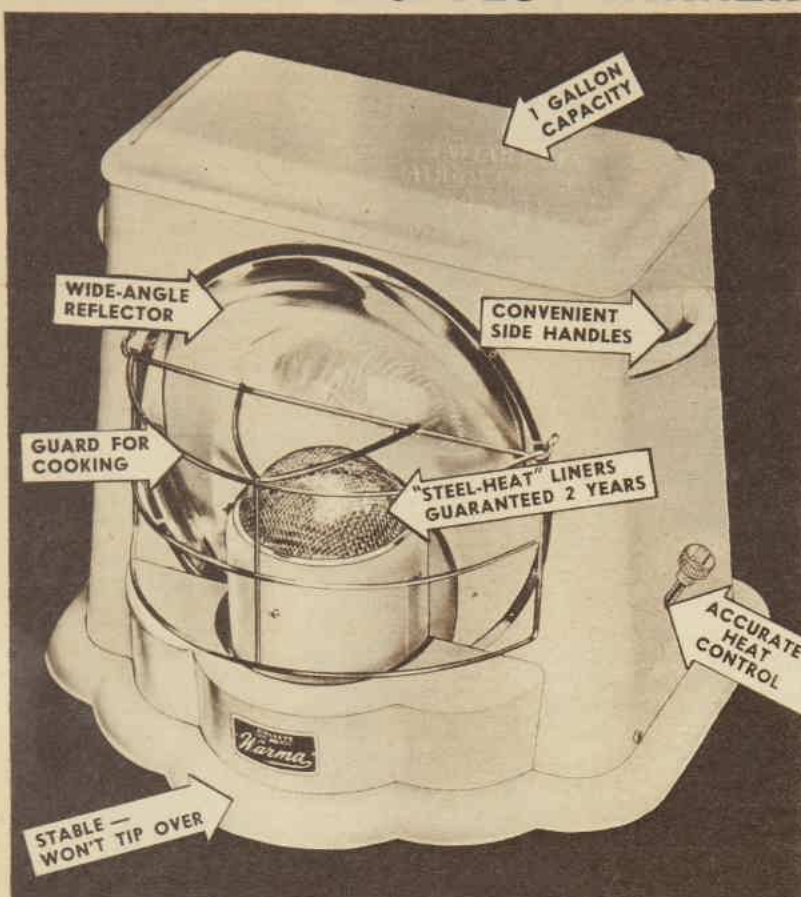


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JUNE 29, 1955

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PRIVILEGE AND JUSTICE

THE enormous amount of discussion and controversy there has been in the past few weeks over the Fitzpatrick-Browne Parliamentary Privileges case has clearly shown that all Australians, women as well as men, feel very deeply about the fundamental principles by which this country is guided.

In all the controversy no one has denied that Parliament should be able to defend itself from outside attack. Parliament represents the people, and though it is possible at times to be cynical about some of its members, only the tyrant or the fool is cynical about the institution of Parliament itself.

Therefore the question is not whether Parliament should defend itself and its members, but how it should do it.

In large issues, as well as in small, the end never justifies the means. A democracy that is preserved by undemocratic means can soon become a tyranny. This is the prospect which concerns everyone.

Though it is unlikely that your husband or the man next door will ever be involved in such a major issue as endangering Parliamentary government, it's possible he may fall foul of the law in some minor way.

Then the democratic principle of a fair trial by one's peers becomes a highly personal and highly important matter. If the precedent that a citizen can be punished without such a trial is established, even in the smallest degree, the danger is obvious.

The removal of this danger is of paramount importance. By all means let Parliament devise methods of protecting itself. But those methods must be such that the punishment not only fits the crime—it must fit democratic principles of justice as well.

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Our cover:

● Katharine Hepburn is shown as Portia in the Old Vic. production of "The Merchant of Venice." The company of 32 players is now in Sydney and will go on to Brisbane, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth. Other pictures on pages 16 and 17.

Next week:

● We will announce details of our £2000 embroidery competition. The champion prize is £500, and others range from £200 to £75, with a number of consolation prizes in the adult section, and smaller prizes for teenagers and children. Designs may be original or the embroidery may be done on linen bought ready-made or marked with embroidery transfer designs by the competition.

● The Sara Quads' first day at school is recorded in color. Janet Bailey, who saw the children settling in, said that they were soon at home. Mark, apparently impressed with what he had heard of school discipline, whispered to Ron Berg, "No pictures in school, please!" He soon discovered, however, that the pictures were quite in order with his teacher and he posed amiably with the other three Quads and their new classmates.

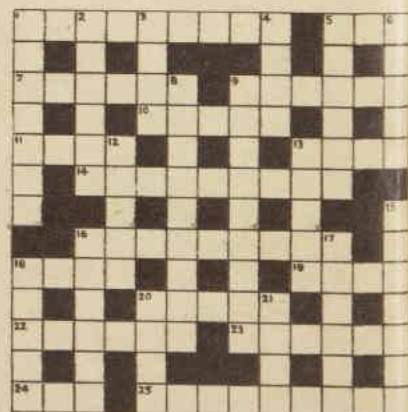
● "Gamer than Ned Kelly" is a phrase which was heard often in early days in New South Wales, and old-timers still use it. Artist Sidney Nolan has introduced Bushranger Ned to London in a series of portraits, three of which we are publishing, which have attracted the attention of critics. "The Down Under Club," with a couple of thousand Australians as members, is riding the publicity wave by holding a corroboree on July 1 to celebrate Ned's birthday and the opening of their new bar. There will be prizes for the best-dressed swaggy, most dinkum bushranger, and original aboriginal.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Study and the German spirit in a puzzle (9).
- If this word follows yes the argument starts (3).
- More than one and the end of it is in Russia (6).
- Trail along a fabulous monster (6).
- Root without its head 1946 years old (5).
- If you have it you know what is fitting in Canberra after tea (4).
- Holy duck a Greek port (4).
- A shop list (Anag. 9).
- Appraised a mate who is inside (8).
- Enthusiasm which carries its age (4).
- It may contain 100 gallons or just some water or smoke (4).
- Missiles which are hot inside (5).
- Evergreen shrub ending in a short bolt (6).
- Specimen of a politician in auction (6).
- Sink in the back of an airy substance (3).
- Stuffed with Mum in the centre (8).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

- A cat with lip forms the chief work of No. 4 down (7).
- Hun act as an East Indian dance by girls (6).
- Within easy reach (4).
- Spill a kiss to get the author of 1 down (4).
- Intolerant devotees go into iron parts of the bridge (6).
- Pacific island which has no tag (5).
- It may illuminate but always ends in a plight (8).
- Confuses little Diana's short treatise (8).
- Set or a wreath (3).
- Fish turns in a book to lie dormant (5).
- Counterfeit to send pet (7).
- Inciting an ovum with a mild spirit (6).
- The seven stars of the Great Bear with a broken pipe in the centre (6).
- Spare the cole-seeds (5).
- Units in tennis (4).
- Frame for a window; the great part is completely burned (4).

Solution to last week's crossword.

TOTTY'S LOVE AFFAIR

A charming and romantic story of a young couple and an affectionate cat . . .

BY NORREY FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY MEDHURST

ONCE upon a time there was a cat named Totty who fell in love with a Mr. Barrington. Up till the time she met Mr. Barrington, she loved Melody, who never dreamt that anyone would take her place in Totty's affections.

As far as cats go Totty was fairly undistinguished except for two strange tricks she liked to perform.

The first was to pose upon a gilded bracket supported by two slender cupids and hung over the dressing-room door.

Upon this high perch Totty would narrow her eyes to slits, set back her ears until her head seemed reptilian, and behave as if the Riddle of the Sphinx was just a parlor game. She had a sense of theatre. Not surprising, as she had been brought up in the exquisite home of Francesca Lane, the actress.

"Melody," said Francesca, the golden voice edged with irritation, "take Totty down from the Venetian bracket. You really must keep her out of this room. If she should break anything . . ." It was unnecessary to finish the sentence, because Francesca was a collector of unusual and beautiful bric-a-brac and she had fine taste and money.

Melody was Francesca's daughter. She was eighteen, though Francesca preferred her to look sixteen. She had a freckled nose and her smile was trusting and generous. She despised elegance and chic, and had set her heart on a career in social welfare.

"She is only being Cleopatra. Come down, Totty, my love. Fish."

Totty, impelled by affection and fish-love, performed her other trick of jumping down from the bracket on to Melody's head, balancing delicately and looking about her for applause.

"One day she'll scratch you dreadfully," Francesca complained. "If she ever does that to one of my friends . . ."

Melody took Totty off her head and said, "She only does it to people she loves." She retired to the kitchen with the cat in her arms and gave it practically a whole tin of catfood.

Presently they were joined by Bill, who had the sense to look for them in the kitchen, because he was the son of a celebrity himself and knew what it meant. Living next door to each other, Bill and Melody had formed an alliance in childhood and understood each other without words. Melody cut two large wedges of fruit tart, covered them in cream and sugar, and pushed one across to Bill.

"She's been threatening Totty again, Bill." Melody snatched up the cat and pressed the warm little body to her. "If I had to give up Totty I'd die."

The words "You still have me!" rose in Bill's throat, but he choked them back as being unsuitable and slightly soppy. He was a little surprised at himself for thinking them, for sentiment had never entered into their partnership, and though he was practically twenty-two and by no means unaware of girls, he thought of Melody as Melody and not as a girl at all.

He said with mild interest, "Your face and Totty's are rather alike. A look of surprised innocence backed by deep guile. Not pretty, but likeable, distinctly likeable." He put his face close to Totty's, who reached out a soft white paw and scratched his nose.

"Totty!" Melody murmured in loving reproach.

"Numble - bumble - umph!" Bill jabbered from behind his handkerchief. "Do something, woman. I'm bleeding."

Melody made Bill sit on a stool. She bathed the scratch, applied anti-septic lotion, and tenderly fixed a piece of sticking-plaster over Bill's straight brown nose.

A pretty girl and a good-looking boy can grow up together being Good Old Melody! and Good Old Bill! in tolerant amity, but the situation is full of potential fire. The unromantic action of putting plaster on a scratched nose was a match. Compassionate eyes gazed into puzzled ones and a flame sprang to life.

Bill's arm slid round Melody's waist. He drew her closer and rested his cheek on hers. "Oh—Melody!" he breathed, in a voice Melody had never heard from him before—a voice shaken with the wonder of first love.

Melody put her firmly moulded young arms round him and laid her cheek to the top of his head. "Oh—Bill!"

They remained motionless, wrapped in each other's arms while the electric clock wiped away time with its inexorable minute hand and Totty jumped on the table and finished the tin of catfood.

"Of course," said Melody at last, "it is hopeless. They will never let us marry. They'd be afraid of our having children."

Bill recognised with awed respect that his beloved had put her finger on the spot. He nodded. "The Screen's Greatest Lover as a grandpa! Impossible."

Bill's father was the Screen's Greatest Lover, which was a good reason why

To page 32

"If you move," said the man with the gun to Bill, "I shall shoot Melody, and I'm sure you wouldn't want that."



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When he saw the disaster ahead he realised that he now had the chance to escape from all he despised

The bars of the cage

By **NIGEL BALCHIN**

MY Uncle Charles pierced and lit his cigar with care. "In material matters," he said, with a sigh, "I have never been a lucky man."

"What's the matter with it?" I said. "Too dry?"

"The cigar is excellent. I was referring to larger issues. I have never, for example, known security. It is one thing to enjoy a cigar. It is quite another to know where the next one is coming from."

"And quite another again to know where the money's coming from to pay for it," I said rather bitterly, as I picked up my change.

"Yet I am not at all sure," said my Uncle Charles thoughtfully, "that I would have had it otherwise. The unlucky man develops a certain philosophy. He knows that, if he waits patiently, almost certainly everything will come wrong in the end. Whereas, in the course of a long life, I have known many people who have had strokes of luck that were nearly fatal to them."

"Like winning a fortune in football pools and drinking themselves to death?"

"That is the crudest form of the fatal stroke of luck. More subtly, they may fail to lose a fortune when it is necessary to do so. I have in mind the case of G. Paul Stoker—known to his friends as G. Paul. He had many friends—indeed I have seldom known a man with more—and they were always telling him how lucky he was. They used to go down to Fartherfield, his country house, in droves."

"And then after dinner, when they had drunk a little of his excellent brandy, they would tell him how lucky he was—a business like that, and a home like that, and a wife like Jinny, and two lovely children. . . . They would go on until the tears came into their eyes and they had to have another brandy to pull themselves together."

"I used to go down to Fartherfield myself, but I never considered myself as quite on a level with most of G. Paul's friends; mainly because, while most of them had been doing well out of him for five or six years, I had known him twenty-five. Anybody can drink your drinks and borrow your money when you are rich and a success, but only a real friend does so from the time you start out in life together."

"Nevertheless I agreed with them about his being a success. It was not only that he had the things he wanted. It was that everything was completely controlled. He worked just enough, and played just enough, and drank just enough. He was just silly enough about Jinny and the children, spoiling them and giving them too many things, and so on, but even then always giving the impression that he was doing it on purpose, and because he wanted to, and couldn't think of anything more amusing to do with his money."

"In fact, the only thing in the whole place, from the pedigree sow upward, that I ever suspected of not being fully under control was Jinny, and I shouldn't have wondered about her if the corners of her mouth had been a different shape. But G. Paul had been married to her for twenty years, and she was still very beautiful, and they had two nice, well-mannered children, a boy of sixteen and a girl of fourteen. So that even if

everything was not quite so perfect as it looked, it was a great deal nearer perfect than anything the rest of us could show."

"That was the situation when I went down for a weekend some years ago. Fartherfield was always at its best in the autumn, and there were plenty of people who knew it. On Friday, G. Paul sent a car to the station about half a dozen times to fetch people, and a few more came on Saturday. It was just another of those charming weekends at Fartherfield until getting on for midnight on Sunday. Then, when everyone was playing bridge and we both cut out, G. Paul said quietly to me, 'Come into the library. Want a word with you.'"

"I was surprised, because for about ten years I had never had a word with G. Paul without at least six other people being present. However, we went into the library and sat down, and he screwed up his eyes and looked at the ceiling and said, 'I want your advice.' This surprised me even more, because, while G. Paul was always being asked for advice, it had never struck me that he was the sort of man who asked anybody for it, and least of all me."

"I said, 'If you mean you want somebody to tell you that what you are going to do is right, it is. I'm sure of it.'"

"He screwed up his eyes still more and said, 'I've got to have some money quickly. I forgot to cash a cheque before I came down.'"

"But surely one of the local tradesmen . . . ?"

"G. Paul said, 'I need about twenty-five thousand. Be better if it was thirty, but twenty-five would probably do it.'"

"I could see that there was some more of this conversation to come, so I just waited. After a while he said, as if he were tired of the whole subject, 'I bought a bombed site in the city. I reckoned it would cost a hundred thousand to fix it up. So far it's cost just over that and we're about half-way through.'"

"I did a calculation and said, 'Then surely what you need is not thirty thousand, but another hundred thousand?'"

"He frowned and shook his head, and said, 'No, it isn't like that. Give me thirty and I'll get the rest easily enough. But nobody'll touch it at this stage.'"

"I said, 'Presumably your bank manager . . . ?'"

"G. Paul shut his eyes and said, 'Oh, don't be a fool, Charles. You don't know anything about it.'"

"Of course I don't," I said stiffly. "I was about to say so."

"G. Paul said, 'What I want to know is when to tell Jinny.' He opened his eyes. 'You don't know anything about banks, but you ought to know something about women by now. You've had enough practice. Shall I tell her now and—sort of prepare her? Or shall I wait until the smash happens?'"

"I said, 'You really think there's going to be a smash? No way out of it?'"

"Well, I've been looking for a way out of it for about six months and haven't found one. So my guess is that I . . . shall . . . now . . . come . . . a cropper.'"

"He said it very carefully and calmly and quietly, and then got up and got himself a drink. I didn't look round as he did, but I heard the glass clinking

against the decanter as his hand shook, and I felt sorry for G. Paul."

"I said, 'What will it mean exactly? Bankruptcy and so on?'"

"He took a pull at his drink and said, 'No. I don't think so. It'll just mean that when I've sold everything and paid everybody I shall be back just about where I was twenty-five years ago. Except that I may have a couple of thousand pounds which I hadn't then. And except that I've got two kids which I hadn't then. And except that I was twenty-five then and I'm fifty now.'"

"After a bit, I said, 'How will Jinny take it?'"

"G. Paul grinned without looking amused, and said, 'She won't. That's my bet.'"

"How do you mean?"

"He shut his eyes and said, 'There was a time when Jinny was very fond of me. But that was a long time ago. For years now she's lived on having people down here, and building bits on the house, and buying herself clothes, and so on. She's bitter enough with me as it is, but at least I've had my uses. Now I shan't have. If Jinny finds her nice expensive toys are going to be taken away she'll lie down on the nursery floor and scream.'"

"I said, 'I should doubt that. But, anyhow, does it matter? She'll get over it.'"

"She'll walk out on me," said G. Paul quietly."

"Oh, come. She couldn't do that.'"

"She's had two shots at it already. Oh, I know we look all right to outsiders. But it hasn't been so pretty for a long while. Like to have a bet on it that she'll stay after this?'"

"I thought of the corners of Jinny's mouth, and said rather feebly, 'It's not the sort of thing people do.'"

"G. Paul had another go at his drink, and said, 'Well, what I want to know is whether to tell her now or wait? What do you think? Personally, I'm rather in favor of getting it over.'"

"His face was pale and the muscles at the sides of his jaw were jumping all the time when his mouth was shut. I was sorry for G. Paul, but there was a principle involved. I said, 'Listen, I'm sorry for you, but I don't give people advice. At least, not people who have never harmed me.'"

"He thought for a while, and then sighed and said, 'All right. Fair enough. Forget it.'"

"In the event I had no chance to forget it, because only three days later I was in the club when G. Paul came in. He came over and sat down with a queer, excited look on his face, and started in without even saying 'Hallo.'"

"He said, 'Look, Charles, I've been



He looked at the frock Jinny was wearing and remembered what it had cost, and then he thought of the way she spoke to him.

thinking it over, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if this was the best thing that had ever happened. I've only just realised that for years now I've been dead on my feet. And I'm only fifty. That horrible over-lush house. And all those hangers-on coming down and cadging from me. What's it for? What do I get out of it?"

"I took a careful look at him, but he was sober. I said, 'You may be right.' I could see that, given time, he was going to coin a phrase about money not being happiness."

"G. Paul said, 'You get so that you think the life you're living is the only one there is. When I talked to you the other night I was in a cold funk about it, and the next day I went on rushing round trying to save the situation. And then suddenly I saw—'

"I said, 'Have you said anything to Jinny yet?'"

"Jinny? That's the cream of the joke. Why have I been worrying my head off about Jinny? Jinny's a spoilt, discontented woman who's made me unhappy for at least the past ten years and charged me five thousand a year to do it. The only reason I've stood for it is that it never occurred to me that I could do without her."

"And the children?"

"He hesitated and then said shortly, 'They'll be all right. Kids always are. I'll look after them somehow. And if there aren't so many show ponies and finishing schools and holidays

abroad for them as there have been it won't be a bad thing."

"He leaned forward and patted the arm of his chair. 'Charles, I'm going down to Fartherfield tomorrow and I'm going to tell Jinny what's going to happen—bluntly. And when she begins to squeal I shall start to laugh, and I shall go on laughing."

"Supposing she doesn't squeal?"

"G. Paul frowned and said, 'She will.'

"Not necessarily. Men always squeal. But it sometimes takes women the other way."

"He shrugged his shoulders and said, 'Well, then, of course that'd be fine.' But he said it rather crossly, and I had the feeling that I had said something damping."

"I said, 'How about a drink?'"

"When the drinks came I let him pay for them from force of habit, before I remembered that in future I should have to pay for my own drinks when I was with G. Paul. It was a morbid thought after all those years. But G. Paul was smiling to himself and saying, 'It's queer when you come to think of it. What all of us really like is change. Yet we've got it into our heads that the only change that's any good is to get richer."

"Yes."

"I don't see why there shouldn't be a lot of fun to be got out of being poorer. Take you, now—"

"No," I said, 'don't take me. I have just

got enough money to keep body and soul apart and it suits me. If I were any poorer I should have to work, and if I were any richer I should have to think, both of which I dislike."

"In fact, I was thinking about Jinny and the shape of her mouth. It seemed to me that G. Paul was seeing everything rather too clearly and the talk with Jinny might not be so simple as he thought. But there was no point in saying so. He seemed happy."

"Two days later I went to stay with Phil Lucas near Naples, and through a series of chance happenings I was there several months. Then I went on and put in a little time with the Grahams, so that I was out of England for nearly a year, during which I had forgotten all about G. Paul and his troubles. But the very first night that I went to the club there he was. I thought he had altered and looked older. Then I remembered his difficulties and thought they must have aged him."

"We greeted each other and had a drink, and I noticed that G. Paul's wallet came out in the old automatic way. He wanted to know where I had been, and so on. I didn't ask him what had happened to his affairs. It was not an easy question to frame."

"But after a while he said, 'You must come down to Fartherfield soon. Jinny'll be glad to see you."

"After that it was quite easy to say, 'You

still have Fartherfield?' and leave 'and Jinny' to be understood."

"G. Paul looked surprised for a moment. Then he said, 'Oh, yes. Of course, it was just before you went away that the muddle arose. Oh, yes. That cleared itself up. It was simply a question of getting a small amount of temporary backing. Money was very tight then."

"He didn't seem very interested in the subject, so I said no more, and, some other people coming up, we talked of other things."

"But about midnight I was sitting in the smoking-room, trying to make up my mind to go to bed, when G. Paul came in. He sat down and stared at the fire for a bit, and then said rather defiantly, 'Haven't told you how that business of mine ended up. The mess that was happening when you went away."

"I said, 'You just got the money, I take it."

"G. Paul nodded and said, 'Yes. I got the money. But there was a bit of it before that. You might be interested.' He was still looking at the fire and I thought again that he looked a lot older."

"He said in a rather flat voice, 'You know I saw you here, and that I was going to tell Jinny the next day? Well, I went down by car. It was back last autumn, and the colors

To page 34

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Keep Your Distance

A short story
complete on this page

BY JOAN
WATSON SMITH

EVERY time Brenda looked at their photograph in the old album she wondered how on earth any man as handsome and dashing as Great-uncle Arthur could ever have married such a mouse as Great-aunt Maud.

There she stood with him in the fading photograph, her fluffy hair screwed into a knot, and her prim little mouth buttoning up a smile.

"That was taken soon after the wedding," said Aunt Gertrude, who knew all the family history. "They went to Switzerland for the honeymoon."

"Can't imagine it," Brenda looked closely at Great-uncle Arthur. "He's really very handsome, isn't he—even with that stiff collar—but she is terrific!"

Aunt Gertrude's voice was admiring. "Maud was plain, but she did well for herself."

There it was again, thought Brenda, that old ridiculous phrase "to do well for oneself." But that was in 1880, according to the date in the album, and in those days girls were forced into marriage simply because no Nice Young Lady could work for a living.

She smoothed the leather of the old album with her fingers, feeling its crinkly grain. Too different, she thought, remembering her quarrel with Henry. Men today were unbearable, especially the eligible ones. Far too casual and selfish. If only Henry would ring. It must be eight days or more by now. Perhaps never again. . . . Aunt Gertrude's voice faded-in to her consciousness: . . . but she never liked the idea. She said she wasn't cut out to be a missionary's wife. Then she met Arthur.

"Arthur was quite a local celebrity in his way. He had only just returned from a world tour, he was wealthy, came from an excellent family, and he played the 'cello."

"A musician, too?" Brenda was amused.

"Oh, yes, he was everything a young girl could wish for. And your Aunt Maud decided she liked him."

"Aiming high, wasn't she?"

"Oh, I don't think she ever actually told anyone she wanted to marry him. She just admired him terribly, and longed for him to notice her."

"And did he?"

"Occasionally. But Arthur was so egotistical that he scarcely noticed anyone so retiring as Maud. If he asked one of the local girls to go to a play or a concert with him all the others would be mad with envy. No one refused him."

The type persists through history, thought Brenda, remembering Henry. She said, "I've met men like that."

"I was just a child at the time," went on Aunt Gertrude, "but I know the story. I remember my mother, Maud's sister, saying how much she wished dear Maud would marry the nice young lawyer who had begun to pay her attention. But Maud seemed like someone bewitched."

"She seemed to care for no one but Arthur, and he hardly knew she existed. Beyond being a visitor to her home for musical evenings, and sometimes playing duets with her, he seemed almost in another world to hers. That's what made it so im-

possible. And that's what made the story so amusing."

"Tell me about it," Brenda felt she could benefit from some second-hand amusement. Life without Henry was being a bleak affair.

Aunt Gertrude chuckled softly. "Well, it promised to be a bit of a tragedy at first," she resumed, "and it all came about because your Aunt Maud had some very coarse tastes hidden under her ladylike exterior."

"What were her vices?" asked Brenda.

"Eating onions was one," laughed Aunt Gertrude. "She loved nothing better on evenings when no visitors were expected than to sit down to a quiet tea of cheese and onions."

"Anyway, on this particular evening Maud was dining alone, as the family had gone to some concert. And this, to Maud, was a perfect occasion to indulge her taste for Gorgonzola cheese and shredded onions."

"The maid had set her meal in the morning-room, and after she had finished she sat at the table idly turning over the pages of a pattern book. You can imagine her absolute horror when the maid came in and announced that Mr. Arthur Barlow had called!"

"Pity chlorophyll hadn't been discovered," remarked Brenda, smiling.

"Yes, wasn't it? Poor Maud was in a great state. Here was Arthur actually calling on her, even if only to arrange another duet for the next musical evening, and how could she talk to him? The maid had already said she was at home. All she could do would be to get rid of him as quickly as possible."

"Maud patted her hair, picked up the train of her frock, and swept into the parlor to greet Arthur . . . in an aura of cheese and onions, both terribly strong. She said afterwards that he was standing near the fireplace with that same proud look on his face. Maud stood just inside the door, scarcely breathing."

"Then he walked towards her, and she backed a little. 'My dear Miss Benson,' he is reputed to have said, 'I find I have two tickets for the concert tonight that I had somehow overlooked until this evening. Perhaps you would accompany me?'"

"Maud said he never doubted for a moment that she would accept. Any girl he asked would always accept. It came as rather a shock to him, therefore, to hear Maud say definitely: 'I'm sorry, but I cannot oblige you.' Then, as he took a surprised step forward: 'Kindly keep your distance, Mr. Barlow!'"

"Arthur was stunned. No one in town would say such a thing to him. Maud, of course, at any other time would have leapt at the chance to go out with him, just as the others would. But not tonight. An aroma of onions would be fatal to any future meetings, and worse than that . . . he might even tell his friends later, and they would laugh about her, and talk about her."

"What silly modesty."

"Not in those days, my dear. So after a few more polite words, the maid showed him out. Maud, of course, burst into tears."

"She said she cried for an hour or more, then she bathed her eyes and tried not to look into a bleak and dismal future; because, of course, she took that to be the end of Ar-

thur. Then . . . do you know what happened? He came back!"

"Not that same night?"

"No, the following morning. He made a formal call, and brought her a bunch of roses."

"As a peace-offering?"

"Exactly. Poor Arthur had never been treated harshly before, and he couldn't understand it. He felt he must find out why she refused to go out with him, when she obviously had no previous engagement. It must be something personal, and that his male pride could not accept."

"When he had presented the bouquet and inquired after her health, he went down on his knees and begged Maud to marry him."

"As suddenly as that?"

"Oh, he'd been planning it all night apparently. He said he had lain awake for hours, seeing again her proud and haughty beauty that somehow he had never really seen before. He said that her superb dignity and grace were fit for a queen, and he knew that such a gracious and charming woman would be just the one he could sincerely love."

"Aunt Maud was speechless. But she took her cue. She smiled very sweetly, then asked him if he would like to see Papa. Arthur left the house an engaged man."

"But did she never tell him?" asked Brenda.

"Never. That was the secret of her happiness, I believe. All their life together Arthur was always a little intimidated by her dignity, and by the fact that there was something about him that once had repelled her. As she never told him what it was, he was never sure when it may happen again, so he had to watch his behaviour carefully."

"Good old Aunt Maud!" said Brenda. "And good old 1880. Life was easier in those days. Conventions were a help."

"Life is still much the same," observed Aunt Gertrude. "And so are men."

Quite suddenly, with perfect dramatic timing, the telephone was ringing and Brenda was quickly lifting the receiver, saying "Hello," hearing at last Henry's voice. That same self-assured voice with the same excuses, the same story of overwork, a casual invitation to "find a bit of dinner, with a show later."

Suddenly it wasn't today any more—it was 1880 and Brenda was her Great-aunt Maud. Poor mousy Aunt Maud who had been forced to take a risk.

"Sorry, Henry," Brenda heard herself saying incredibly. "Not tonight. No, nor tomorrow, thanks. Perhaps it would be better if we forgot about each other."

Henry's voice was doubting—astonished: "You mean—?"

"Yes," said Brenda, "I do." Though, of course, she didn't.

"Oh!" There was a pause. "Listen. I must see you. I have the car here. I'll be over right away!"

"Men!" Brenda looked up with a smile at Aunt Gertrude. "They haven't changed at all. And you know, I think Aunt Maud and I have something in common . . . the same type of man."

(Copyright)

Great-aunt Maud backed a little, and said with great dignity, "Please keep your distance."



Good Morning, MISS DOVE

First instalment of our new
three-part serial . . . the best-
selling novel that everybody
wants to read.

By FRANCES
GRAY PATTON

LIBERTY HILL was a small town—not a hill, really, but just a modest rise in the land—where the streets were named after trees and heroes, and a sense of life's continuity ran in the air.

It was like a hundred American towns, snug and cosy, and it put its special stamp upon its own. People born and raised there—high and low, rich and poor—were neighbors in an irrevocable way, because their imaginations had been nursed on the same sights and sounds and legends and early ordeals.

They had played in the same sunny fields and cooled off after the heat of their games in the same shade. They had grown up hearing the same courthouse clock tell the hours and the quarters in a tone as timeless as time itself. They had all, for the space of a whole generation, been exposed at a tender and malleable age to the impartial justice, the adamant regulations, and the grey, calm, neutral eyes of the same teacher—the terrible Miss Dove.

This community of experience was absorbed, of course, into the stream of consciousness. It was so settled, so accustomed, that it seemed a manifestation of natural law. Like the dew on the grass or the return of morning light (that recurrent miracle that passes for a commonplace) it excited no wonder. But if the light had failed to return, if the voice of the clock had fallen silent—even in the night when its sound was muffled by dreams—then people would have heard the silence and noticed the darkness.

So when, without warning, the tenor of Miss Dove's existence was interrupted, and she was seen, at an hour when she should have graced the geography room at Cedar Grove School, being borne down the sidewalks in the direction of the hospital—then Liberty Hill caught its breath, and looked beneath the surface of its life and fastened its hand upon its heart.

The Wednesday upon which Miss Dove took sick began in an ordinary way. It was mid-April. The weather was mild. The sun rose at five-twenty-five, two minutes earlier than it had risen on Tuesday—which was precisely what Miss Dove had predicted the afternoon before when, shining a flashlight on a plaster-of-paris globe, she had demonstrated to the sixth grade the reason for the lengthening of the vernal days.

During the night a flock of robins had returned from their southern winter resort (Miss Dove had told the first grade this was the week for the robins) and now they were busy pulling innocent worms from new-spaded garden plots, looking spruce and pompous and complacent—as if they knew they were expected and thought the worm-rich earth had been loosened expressly for their benefit.

At seven, households stirred. Families, groggy from dreams, fought among themselves for the bathroom. Lost socks were hunted, ears were scrubbed, hair was combed, milk was spilt, and the air was rent with squeals and remonstrances, and the resumption of those domestic hostilities which, in general, keep personal identity alive. At seven minutes past eight—punctual as the sun and, unlike the sun, not varying with the seasons—Miss Dove descended the front steps of her house on Oakwood Street.

At her gate she paused for a moment. She looked at three fat robins in her pansy border—not severely but strictly, as she might have looked at children to see how they were occupied; she observed, with a slight frown, a dandelion blooming out of place on her lawn; she lifted a critical gaze to the sky and, seeing that it was quite clear, gave a nod of approval. Then she opened her gate—it was an old gate made of wrought-iron in a Victorian pattern of hearts and ferns, but it did not squeak because Miss Dove kept

its hinges oiled—and began her morning walk to Cedar Grove Elementary School.

Jincey Baker saw her from an upstairs window. Jincey was eating breakfast in bed, not because she was ill or lazy, but because she was going to have a baby any time now and she was young and beautiful and her husband liked to pamper her.

"There she goes, Tommy!" Jincey cried on that note of delight with which she often singularised the trivial or accustomed. "Right on the dot!" She patted her stomach. "I wish little Whosit—the slow-coach—would copy Miss Dove and develop a sense of time!"

Tommy (Dr. Thomas Baker, surgeon) laughed. "It would be a strain, though, to have a baby like the terrible Miss Dove. Imagine bringing up its wind!"

"Do you suppose she ever was a baby?" Jincey said.

"No," Thomas replied flatly. "She simply emerged from her house one day—fully formed like Venus on the half-shell."

"With her hat on?" said Jincey.

"Of course," said Thomas.

"And her mousey hair in a little bun behind?"

"I'm not sure," said Thomas. "You see, I have a unique distinction. I'm the only man in Liberty Hill who's ever seen the terrible Miss Dove with her hair down."

"Tommy!" Jincey clapped her hands. "You kept it from me!"

"Oh, I have my reticence," Thomas said darkly. "And that is a solemn memory."

"Tell me now," demanded Jincey.

"I'll save it for a long winter evening when we can't get a baby-sitter," Thomas said. "I have to tear myself away now from your chaste numery." She has already passed, which means I'm late for rounds. I'll be home for lunch unless some rash fool bursts an appendix."

"Stop at the Burnhams' and pick up the bassinet they're lending us," said Jincey.

"Sure. And if anything happens—if you have the slightest twinge—don't dally. The hospital's alerted for you." He bent and pressed his cheek against her soft, sweet-smelling red hair. "Don't worry, darling."

"I'm not worried," Jincey said. "Are you?"

"Of course not," Thomas said with more than necessary emphasis. He straightened up, squared his shoulders, and assumed a professional nonchalance. "It's a normal physiological process."

He ran downstairs whistling an optimistic tune from "Oklahoma" and thinking with remorse of all the prospective fathers he had privately jeered at. Those wan creatures with their stubble cheeks and dying-calf eyes, pacing the halls, needing a drink—they were his brothers now!

"If she's all right—if the child's recognisably human—" he promised Something. "I vow I'll—" But what bargain could he make? He was a young man of exemplary habits. He had no major vice—not even a grandiose sense of sin—to sacrifice in propitiation of the gods.

At nine minutes past eight Miss Dove crossed La-Fayette Avenue. Old Mr. Porter, who had been her father's friend, saw her from his flag-stone terrace where he was taking his morning constitutional. He checked his watch by her. At eighty-two, Mr. Porter was an epicure of time. He relished it, unseasoned, for its own essential flavor.

A few minutes later, from the window of a dining-room facing on Maple Street, Polly Burnham saw Miss Dove go by. "Finish your oatmeal, Davie-dear," she said to her nine-year-old son. "Miss Dove has passed. You don't want to be tardy."

"Oh, pooh," said Davie-dear. "The oatmeal stinks!"

Polly flushed but held her peace. Her

husband, the Reverend Alexander Burnham, was aware of a curious tingling sensation in the palm of his right hand and a nearly irrepressible longing to bring that palm down, wham, in a series of blows upon a plump portion of his son's anatomy. He rose. "If you'll excuse me," he said to his wife, "I must go over my notes for the vestry meeting." He scuttled off to his study, marvelling at his self-restraint.

Both the elder Burnhams knew that in gently nurtured children rough language was a healthy sign—a sign of growth and toughening of the ego. They knew, furthermore, that David, because he resembled one of Raphael's cherubs and was a minister's son, had more need than most for toughness. Parents must bow to the wind and pretend not to notice. All the books said that.

At eight-twenty, Miss Dove crossed to the corner of Maple and Grant, where Cedar Grove School sat—red-brick, stolid, with only one cedar left to soften its ugliness, for its grove had been chopped down long before in the interests of level playgrounds. Bill Holloway, the traffic cop on duty, saw her. "She looked as natural as nature," he reported later in a tone of wonder. "I tipped my cap and said: 'Good morning, Miss Dove,' and she says, genteel like always, 'Good morning, William.'"

By eight-thirty, some two hundred and fifty children, ranging in age from six to twelve, were safely inside the school building. In various classrooms they gauged, with the uncanny shrewdness of innocence, the various moods of various teachers. How far dared they go today?

But as the morning progressed and the classes went, in turn, to spend forty-five minutes in the geography room with Miss Dove, they dropped their restless speculation.

For Miss Dove had no moods. Miss Dove was a certainty. She would be today what she had been yesterday and would be tomorrow. And so, within limits, would they. Single file they would enter her room. Each child would pause on the threshold as its mother and father had paused, more than likely, and would say—just as the policeman had said—in distinct, formal accents: "Good morning, Miss Dove."

And Miss Dove would look directly at each of them, fixing her eyes directly upon theirs, and reply: "Good morning, Jessamine," or "Margaret," or "Samuel." (Never "Sam," never "Peggy," never "Jess.") She eschewed familiarity as she wished others to eschew it.) They would go to their appointed desks. Miss Dove would ascend to hers. The lesson would begin.

There was no need to waste time in preliminary admonitions. Miss Dove's rules were as fixed as the signs of the zodiac. And they were known. Miss Dove rehearsed them at the beginning of each school year, stating them as calmly and dispassionately as if she were describing the atmospheric effects of the Gulf Stream. The penalties for infractions of the rules were also known.

If a child introduced a foreign object—a pencil, let us say, or a wad of paper, or a lock of hair—into his mouth, he was required to wash out his mouth with the yellow laundry soap that lay on the drain-board of the sink in the corner by the sand table. If his posture was incorrect he had to go and sit for a while upon a stool without a back-rest. If a page in his notebook was untidy, he had to copy it over. If he emitted an uncovered cough, he was expected to rise immediately and fling open a window, no matter how cold the weather, so that a blast of fresh air could protect his fellows from the contamination of his germs.

And if he felt obliged to disturb the class routine by leaving the room for a drink of water (Miss Dove loftily ignored any other necessity) he did so to an accompaniment

of dead silence. Miss Dove would look at him—that was all—following his departure and greeting his return with her perfectly expressionless gaze and the whole class would sit idle and motionless, until he was back in the fold again. It was easier—even if one had eaten salt fish for breakfast—to remain and suffer.

Of course, there were flagrant offences that were dealt with in private. Sometimes profanity sullied the air of the geography room. Sometimes, though rarely, open rebellion was displayed. In those instances, the delinquent was detained, minus the comfort of his comrades, in awful seclusion with Miss Dove. What happened between them was never fully known. (Did she threaten him with legal prosecution? Did she beat him with her long map-pointer?) The culprit, himself, was unlikely to be communicative on the subject or, if he were, to overdo the business with a tale that revolved to an

To page 38



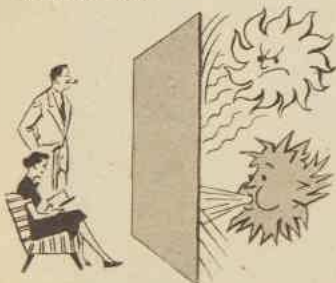


At eight-twenty Miss Dove crossed to the school and Bill Holloway, the cop on traffic duty, tipped his cap, saying, "Good morning, Miss Dove."



Winter bargains in cold-proof rooms

If you've got any sort of verandah or broken-down room going to waste, you can quickly change it to something as smart as the room pictured above, with Cane-ite—the only building board that INSULATES AS IT DECORATES, at moderate cost.



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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every letter published on this page.

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHY are so many women ungracious when someone else has a bit of luck? Recently I won £100 in the lottery—the first thing I've ever won. While shopping I mentioned my win to four acquaintances. Only one said something nice. One of the others said, "Not fair, is it? You don't need it, and with three children I never have a penny to myself." Another's remark was a cold, "You won't get any pleasure out of it—you never do from gambling wins," and the third snapped, "And I suppose you'll waste it all on clothes like most girls."

These remarks quite spoil my pleasure in the win.

£1/1/- to "Had Them" (name supplied), Cremorne, N.S.W.

It is amazing how many people seem to think money spent on a girl's education after she has left school is wasted because, they say, "She will only get married in a couple of years." Study at a university, at nursing, or any other profession will surely be of benefit to a girl in the many problems of married life.

In these days when so many married women go back to work isn't it better for them to return to an occupation in which they are interested instead of to a job where they are working just to raise the family income by a few pounds?

It is time people who believe girls do not need to be highly educated just because they might marry changed their out-of-date views.

10/6 to (Miss) Joyce Stapleton, North Hobart, Tasmania.

THERE are too many accidents on the roads and they involve too many children. The reason is that so many children are allowed to play on roads even in places where there is recreation space handy. Parents seem to encourage their children to play on the roads. Recently I had to slow up my car because a mother and her two children were playing with racquet and ball on the road. Cases like this should be a punishable offence. It is fair neither to the motorist nor the children.

10/6 to V.L.B. (name supplied), Como, Western Australia.

ALTHOUGH the tickets had plainly printed on them the fact that the ball would start at 8 p.m., it was 9 p.m. before the crowds began to arrive. Until then, a dozen or so people who were on time just sat and shivered. How disheartening it must be for the musicians, playing to an almost empty hall, and the promoters wondering whether the function will be a success. I asked several people the reason for their late arrival and without exception they answered, "Oh, well, nobody gets there early." Can it be that each one is hoping to make a spectacular entrance?

10/6 to "Wonder" (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

HAVING recently taken up stamp collecting as a hobby, I am surprised by the dullness of Australian stamps. I am sure they could be made more colorful and interesting. Australia has so much beauty to advertise overseas by means of its stamps, which go all over the world. The Australian Women's Weekly is showing us much of this country's beauty. I would like to see similar color pictures of Australia used on our stamps.

10/6 to "Stamps" (name supplied), Ryde, N.S.W.

I OFTEN wonder why the majority of men after they are married seem to forget their wife's Christian name. When speaking to his wife early in married life a man calls her "Dear," and after their children arrive

it is usually "Mum." Even when speaking to friends a man refers to his wife as "Mum." If it were not for her own friends she would almost forget she had a Christian name. I know. I've been married nearly 50 years.

10/6 to (Mrs.) M. Henry, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Her own room

WHAT a wonderful idea Mrs. N. Aberley has outlined for giving daughter her own bed-sitting-room (The Australian Women's Weekly, June 8, 1955). She apparently is thinking of the working girl, but would not this little taste of independence be a big help for any girl during all those bewildering and, so often, unhappy adolescent years when she is not yet an adult but finds it so irksome to be treated as a child? I feel sure teenagers would be less likely to make undesirable acquaintances if permitted to entertain their friends at home without parental censorship.

10/6 to "Growing Pains" (name supplied), Rydstone, N.S.W.

MRS. ABERLEY'S suggestion was interesting but would not be workable in the family which has a housing problem, as so many have these days, or in the family with more than one daughter. I have five daughters and I could not have managed a bed-sitting-room between them. There is no real home life for a girl if she has her own separate quarters. Why not try to make it a happy family home, not a rooming-house?

10/6 to "Home Lover" (name supplied), Ryde, N.S.W.

Girls' Day

MRS. F. LOWE has suggested there should be a Girls' Day, like Mother's Day (The Australian Women's Weekly, June 8, 1955). Young girls are a beauty to behold—pretty, fresh, and cheerful. They do not require publicity to boost them because they have sufficient in their lovely youth to elevate them and make them happy. They have not yet attained the high level of motherhood, God's greatest gift, which promoted and inspired Mother's Day, therefore they are not eligible to be thus honored.

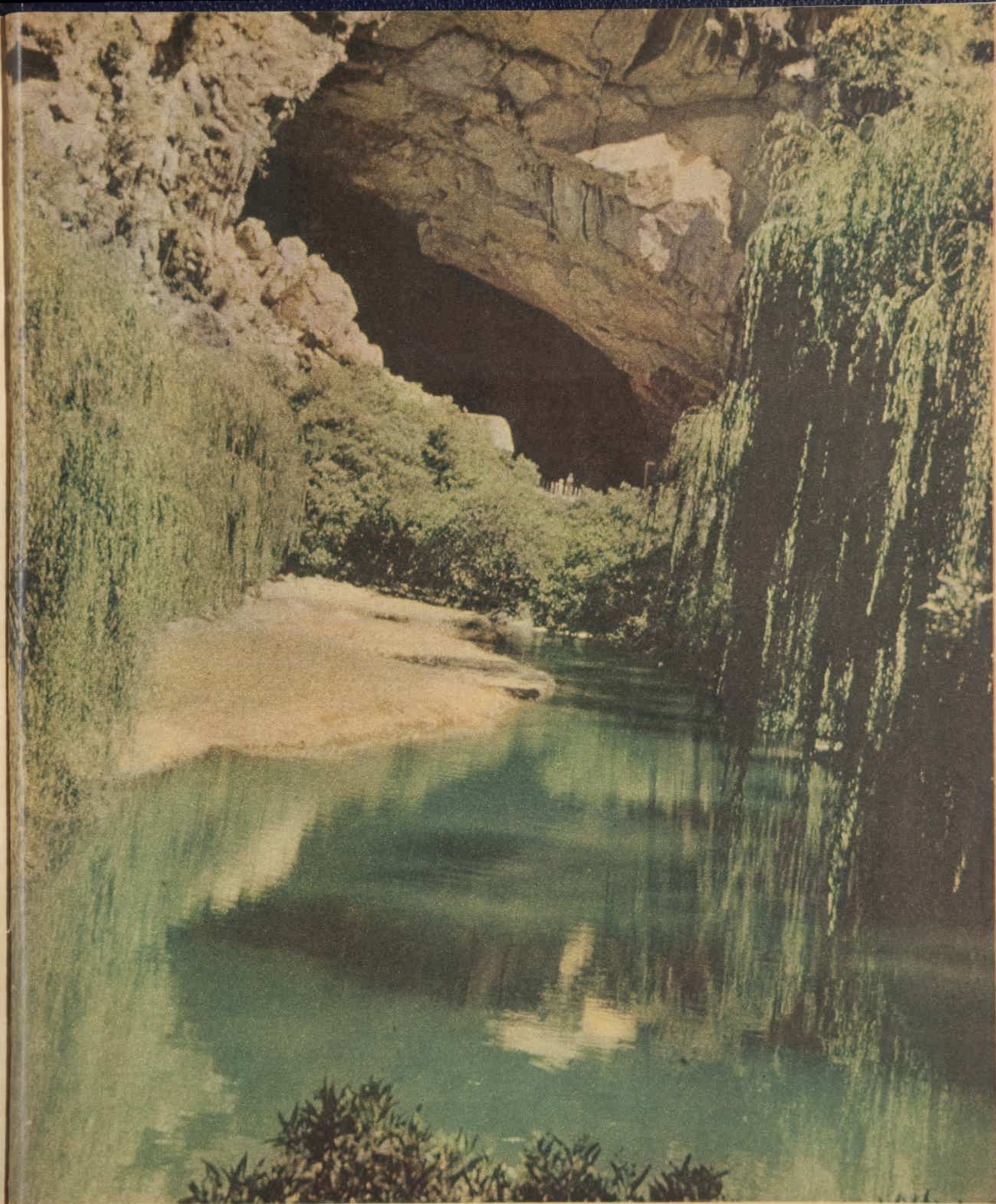
10/6 to "A Lover of Youth" (name supplied), Warwick, Qld.

Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

I SOLVED the teenage problem by letting my two daughters do whatever work they chose in the home. My elder daughter, from the time she left school at 15 until she took up nursing when 19, did all the kitchen work. She cooked, baked, and made butter for six of us, and also milked the cow. In addition, she did all her own sewing, making her frocks and underwear. The younger daughter, when she left school aged 14, chose to help in all housework. I never interfered in whatever either girl wanted to do. They have taken a lot of prizes in shows for their cooking and needlework. The only way girls can learn housekeeping is to let them try things for themselves, even if it doesn't always turn out the best at first.

£1/1/- to Mrs. O. Muller, Henty, N.S.W.



BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA

JENOLAN CAVES, N.S.W. This picture, taken by the Rev. George Rees, of West Ryde, N.S.W., shows the Blue Pool and Grand Arch at the entrance to the vast limestone caverns situated in the Blue Mountains, 115 miles west of Sydney. Escaped convicts and bushrangers in the early part of the past century discovered the caves and used them as a hide-out. Their existence was first made known by James Whalan, a pastoralist, of Tarana, N.S.W., in 1838. Whalan, while pursuing the bushranger McKeown, came suddenly upon what are now called the Grand Arch and the Devil's Coach-house.

Goldplated fashion expert gives Australian women a . . .

Blueprint for living—and glamor

Women should spend more time in bed, should diet more, should slavishly follow the whims of fashion and trends in make-up and hair styles, and follow them so that they constantly show the world a new face and appearance.

THIS is the blueprint a lightning visit to Australia. for living laid down for women by Irene Brin, Rome editor of America's famous magazine "Harper's Bazaar," during

"Life is so much more amusing that way," she said, "so much more stimulating." Miss Brin practises what she preaches. She wears her

jet black hair silvered in a quaint aureole style that is both charming and flattering. "With my hair its natural color I look like the bad Queen in Disney's 'Snow-white,'" she said.

"I am much nicer this way."

When Miss Brin silvered her hair, she really silvered it. She does not use powder but a preparation that makes her hair look as if it has been actually painted with silver.

She spends up to five days in a row in bed working madly, with her typewriter on a wheeled trolley over the bed and a telephone at her elbow.

She wears both the "A" and the "H" lines, although "I am not looking my best in them," because they give her a different look in which to face the world.

She is anxiously awaiting Dior's winter collection, to be shown soon, in the hope of a new line that will make her look better without discomfort.

Dior creations

"I AM built not quite the right way for Dior's 'H,'" she explained. "So M. Dior makes for me especially the Bustier. It is a thing like from the Middle Ages with bones and things and makes me the right shape up here and round here," she said, gesturing, "but it is, oh, so uncomfortable."

"For me is the tiny waisted dress and the rounded hips. I am much better in those."

"But still the 'A' and the 'H' are good. A woman must change her style constantly. Each change gives her a renewal of beauty."

Irene Brin is in private life the wife of Gaspero del Corso, director of Rome's Obelisco Art Gallery. She flew to Australia with him to help him arrange an exhibition of Italy's present day artists at David Jones' Ltd.

Her "loving and beloved husband Gaspero" interferes mightily with one of her blueprint points—the need to diet. Gaspero loves food. He is

one of those lucky creatures—a gourmet with a strong, sturdy figure but no superfluous fat.

He likes good food. When he and his wife travel he always has a list of the best restaurants to try in the many foreign countries they visit.

"In Honolulu on the way here," Madame said, "I could feel the pounds coming on."

"We had breakfast before the sea, luncheon, drinks with little bits of eating at 5 p.m., and then dinner. Food is the constant enemy of women."

At home in the Palazzo Torlonia in Rome, Irene Brin only has two meals a day—breakfast and dinner—while Gaspero keeps to a new high protein diet.

But they eat it in what sounds to be one of the most remarkable kitchens in the world.

A huge room and quite apparently the del Corsos' favorite, it is decorated with five abstract paintings by famous artists. They eat from a table of lapis lazuli which has a heavy centre splay leg of gold.

The del Corsos guard their private life jealously. Madame makes it an unbreakable rule that the doorbell is never answered unless guests are expected.

"I cannot abide the guest who comes impromptu," she said. "I simply do not answer the doorbell, nor do I allow the maid to answer it."

"Impromptu are impertinent. I do not approve of impromptu."

She plans each week care-

By
NAN MUSGROVE

fully and divides it between social activities, her writings, and the galleries.

Madame del Corso has been closely associated with the Italian fashion houses and has watched them grow to their present commanding position.

Although she is Italian and is also one of the arbiters of the world's fashion, she has no parochial views about Italian fashions.

For the best possible wardrobe, she would buy her sports clothes and afternoon dresses in Italy, her tailored suits and black velvet dresses in England, her grand ball gowns in Paris — "the big wonderful gowns Paris does so superbly" — her raincoats and other utility garments in America, "and of course America for mink and diamonds."

She has very definite ideas. "I do not approve," she says frequently. Things listed in this category by her include Gina Lollobrigida's hair style, huge bouffant frocks (at any time), balloon coats, heavily jewelled or decorated evening gowns, anything "pompous" in fashion.

Nor does she entirely approve of hats.

"I like to wear amusing



ITALIAN PORTRAIT of Irene Brin by Massimo Campigli, of Rome. In private life Miss Brin is the wife of Gaspero del Corso, director of Rome's famous Obelisco Galleries. Campigli has painted Irene with her famous silvered hair and in a Fabiani gown. Fabiani designs all her clothes.

lenses most of the time," she said, "and hats spoil the hair, too, at times. I mostly prefer to be without a hat."

Talking of her amusing "lenses" took Irene Brin back to America. "Ah," she said, "the place of gadgets."

Gadgets in this case were her spectacles (she has the short-sight), of which she has 20 pairs. These include a number that have diamond or gold corners.

Sydney was grey the day I interviewed Miss Brin, with rain threatening, but she had on the most superb bluish-pink topcoat made from what looked like fur fabric. It is actually a raincoat, and is made of specially treated orlon.

One of those "gadgets" from America, she had washed it out the night before in the bath at her hotel as it had got soiled on a car drive the day before. It dried overnight.

Madame del Corso left Sydney after her seven-day stay to return to prepare for the winter showings in Rome, Florence, Paris, and London. When she gets home she will have been round the world in a month and spent time in London, New York, Dallas, Honolulu, Sydney.

Her wardrobe for the trip was done by brilliant Italian designer Fabiani. She packed:

- For travelling a tweed coat of deep blue with a fine white fleck and matching pleated skirt. With it are three tops, a heavy black sweater (for London), a wide-necked "A" line jumper in the same tweed, and a very light beige linen one for the tropics.

- One black afternoon dress, "very good," worn with a pink

jacket for the mornings or luncheons and without the jacket for cocktails.

- One "superb" black topcoat.
- One basic bathing suit, strapless and one piece, made of nylon elastic lace (for Honolulu). With the bathing costume is a yellow skirt which over the bathing costume makes suitable wear for cocktails and with a black scarf "suitable" wear for shopping.

- Two evening dresses, full length, one of black for the trip as far as Honolulu, and one of white thereafter because Madame knew she "would take a suntan" and be unable to wear black at night.
- One plain black linen dress.
- One superb blue and black H line coat.

With her clothes Madame packed "at least 15 pairs" of shoes.

For travelling she wears red shoes to match her red travelling bag but they are not like the shoes generally regarded as "travelling" shoes.

They have long pointed toes and are made like mules with no backs at all and four-inch heels, as fine as a baby's finger. Sometimes she wears tiny diamond clips on them.

Accessories

SOME of her most charming accessories are her little hand-made black satin gloves. Made by an Italian glove-maker, they are wrist length and launder or dry clean perfectly.

And what does she think of Australian women?

"Very pretty, very gay, and very good with men . . . clever indeed to get their beaux into black ties to go to a little night-club to dine and dance."



COSMOPOLITAN Irene Brin, Rome editor of "Harper's Bazaar," photographed in Sydney with artist William Dobell at a reception given by the Italian Minister and Signora Consuelo Danco. She is wearing a midnight-blue brocade coat by Fabiani. Her satin sandals are trimmed with pear-drop rhinestones and her black satin gloves are hand made.

NEW YORK picture of Irene Brin by Louise Dahl Wolfe. Cosmopolitan Irene travels round the world at least twice a year attending fashion shows.





KISS FOR LUCK for Francoise Christophe from fellow stars Chips Rafferty (left) and Pierre Cressoy. They are now on location in New Guinea.

French movie stars for New Guinea wilds

By HELEN GORDON,
staff reporter

Meeting French film stars Francoise Christophe and Pierre Cressoy, now in New Guinea with Chips Rafferty making "Walk Into Paradise" for Southern International Films, is a maddening, fascinating piece of slapstick entertainment.

I WENT along to the interview at the actors' Sydney hotel, confident that my high-school French was equal to the occasion.

Meeting Mlle. Christophe and M. Cressoy was easy. "Bonjour," I said. "Hello, how are you?" they replied.

We switched to English.

A short, pixie-faced man arrived, put his briefcase down on a chair, and began waving his arms.

He spoke rapidly in French, slapping his hands together and raising his eyebrows for emphasis.

Calling for assistance, I asked Francoise Christophe "What did he say?"

He is Paul-Edmonde Decharme, and he is directing the French version of the film we go to make in New Guinea," Francoise said.

"He is describing to us a scene from the film. It will be very good. I am a doctor with the United Nations, and Pierre is a crocodile-hunter. We come to a native village where the natives are very bad with us.

"The little boy of the black king is very sick, but I cannot help him, because the natives are very bad against white women, they have no trust in me.

"So we tell them Pierre is the doctor, and I stand behind him and say 'do this, do that,' and tell him what to do. But we do not know that

the black witch man—witch doctor, is that right? — is watching us, and so he knows that it is I who cure the child.

"He hates me, and he puts a poisonous snake in my tent and I am bitten. But I do not die.

"It will be good, do you think? Very tense and suspense."

We got down to the serious business of the interview.

"I am mad on acting ever since I am at school," Francoise said. "Every time I got good marks my mother would take me to the theatre, and when I am a bit older, two days each week I finish school in the afternoon and run

through the street so I will not be late for my drama lessons.

"I studied for three years at the Paris Conservatorium, and then I acted for a year with the Comedie Francaise. Then I went to the Comedie de Champs Elysees and acted in plays by Anouilh, Bernard Shaw, Sir James Barrie, and many, many others.

"I became married to the producer of the theatre, a wonderful, talented man. We are divorced now, but we are still good friends.

"Always I will marry a Frenchman, or be in love with a Frenchman. For a friend, perhaps an Englishman or an American.



PIERRE CRESSOY and **Francoise Christophe** at a Sydney cafe. Miss Christophe will play the part of a woman doctor in the film "Walk Into Paradise."

"But Frenchmen I like very much. They are artistic and sympathetic. They talk of love so beautifully."

"Perhaps you are right about that," Pierre Cressoy commented, shrugging modestly. "I would not know.

"You have eyes like a gazelle," he said winningly as he turned in my direction. "Are you married?"

Suddenly everything became very French again.

A roar of laughter came from M. Decharme, another torrent of incomprehensible French, and more vivid gestures.

Temperament

A NEW arrival, Marcel Pagliero, dialogue director for the French version of "Walk Into Paradise," translated.

Decharme is telling a story about the late Raimu. He was a very great actor, but at times very temperamental.

"He was working on one film, and they were trying to shoot a particular scene, but Raimu said he could not act because a certain electrician was on the set and Raimu didn't like his face.

"The electrician insisted that he stay on the set, and his union insisted, too. So Raimu said, 'I will try to act this scene, but it will be no good.'

"So he acted that scene very badly. A moment later someone or other dropped a huge reflector from the ceiling and it missed Raimu, by only SO much. He was white with fear, but after that he acted magnificently."

Marcel Pagliero is a film director in his own right, and he has ideas of making a film in Australia within the next year.



FRENCH MODEL. Actress Francoise Christophe wears a heavily embroidered blue cotton frock, one of the two Paris frocks she has taken to New Guinea.

"I would like to make a film about Italians out here," he said. "I am an Italian myself. I don't really know what the actual story will be, but I would like to make the film in Sydney and in North Queensland, in the sugar-cane country.

"It would be a story about Italian migrants, but there is nothing really definite about the film yet.

"Your Australian wine is very good, I am most surprised. We were all very worried when we thought of coming out to Australia and New Guinea, we thought it would mean three months without any good wines, but now we will be taking a lot of Australian wines to New Guinea with us.

"Frenchmen are not happy where they cannot drink wine. For me a meal is tasteless without it. Very bad. Awful."

Lovely girls

I ASKED Pierre Cressoy the inevitable question. "What do you think of Australian girls?"

"They are lovely, the ones I have seen around the city," he said. "They have lovely legs and figures. I think Australian women must be the best looking I have seen, along with American women.

"I haven't had sufficient

time to appreciate the Australian girls, but they look wonderful.

"Of course, French women are the most charming. Scandinavians the most comfortable to be with. To be married to, I think an Italian woman would be the best. She would be a good housekeeper.

"But no! I will NOT marry any of them. Me, I am the bachelor type.

"I was a doctor of medicine at the beginning, one of the youngest to graduate in Paris, and I worked in a hospital for about £4 a month. Of course I was happy enough. I had no money, no one had less money than I. But now I am an actor, this acting is a sickness, a virus. I would like to be a great comedian.

"But if I find in a few years I am doing no good in films, I might become a psychoanalyst. There is money in that, you know. There are many foolish people who have nothing wrong with them and a lot of money."

Another babble of French from everyone.

Francoise explained, "We have to go and get clothes for the film," she said. "Good-bye."

"Au revoir, cherie," M. Cressoy crooned. "I am so sad to leave you."

which
is
you?



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At 75, Helen Keller still inspires world

From our New York office

● Helen Keller, inspiration to millions the world over as "America's first lady of courage," is returning to her home at Easton, a small Connecticut town, to mark her 75th birthday, which falls on June 27. Miss Keller has been blind and deaf since she was 19 months old.

PAST the age when most people think of retiring, Helen Keller continues with unabated plans to encourage the world's 14,000,000 blind towards fruitful, happy lives.

Birthday observances will be held in many other nations besides the U.S., for the Helen Keller legend is familiar throughout the Western world, as well as in India, Pakistan, Burma, and Japan, which she is now visiting.

Helen Keller was born a normal child, in Tuscumbia, Alabama, in 1880, in a white frame cottage called Ivy Green. At the age of 19 months disease suddenly sealed off her eyes and ears, leaving her a half-wild creature with babbling, guttural speech.

"One morning," she recalls, "I locked my mother up in the pantry, where she was obliged to remain for three hours. She kept pounding on the door, while I stood outside on the porch steps and laughed with glee as I felt the jar of the pounding."

"Teacher"

THEN, when Miss Keller was seven, through the intervention of Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, Anne Sullivan — "Teacher" — came into her life. Miss Keller remembers their first meeting.

"I sensed approaching footsteps. I stretched out my hand. Someone took it and I was caught up and held close in the arms of her who was to reveal all things to me."

Teacher had brought a doll for Miss Keller, and began training her by spelling "d-o-l-l" into the little girl's

hand in the manual alphabet. Anne Sullivan was making the very first attempt to link objects with letters. In the days that followed, Miss Keller learned many more words this way. Until, she recalls, the time came when:

"Suddenly I felt the misty consciousness of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought—and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me!"

Not dumb

THREE years after Miss Sullivan's coming, Miss Keller determined to learn to speak. After only 11 lessons with a special teacher, she was able to enter the family parlor to announce:

"Now I am not dumb!"

Today, Miss Keller can speak seven languages.

Miss Keller was to enter Radcliff College and graduate with honors, going on to fame as author, teacher, and lecturer.

She has been an inveterate world traveller, whose journeys have taken her, by every conceivable type of conveyance, to more than 25 countries on six continents. Her books have been translated into more than 50 languages. She has received honorary degrees from many nations.

Miss Keller has known all the American Presidents since President Coolidge. She has met and become the friend of George Bernard Shaw, Ethel Barrymore—of leaders in all the arts and the heads of Governments.

This, of course, is the stuff of which legends are made.

But such international fame should not eclipse Helen Keller, the woman. Behind the facade of superlatives is a

warmly sensitive human being who has known joy, anger, frustration, disappointment. Yet her vigor and her intense interest and her full courage have made her happy and given her a sense of fulfilment.

Her roles as counsellor to the American Foundation for the Blind and to the American Foundation for the Overseas Blind keep her constantly on the run. Her current tour, for the Overseas Foundation, has taken five months.

Now Miss Keller is returning to the rambling colonial home in Easton, with its comfortable parlor filled with the honors and souvenirs of a lifetime of high adventure and dedicated service.

Life exciting

"I FIND life an exciting business," she says. "And most exciting when it is lived for others."

Helen Keller's private world of touch, smell, and vibration is fascinating. She finds much meaning in a handshake. Some hands are "dumbly eloquent," others "an impertinence."

And faces—she loves President Eisenhower's smile, the "great, wonderful dome" of Sir Winston Churchill.

Miss Keller has a good sense



MISS HELEN KELLER, who has inspired millions of people by the manner in which she has triumphed over the tremendous handicaps of deafness and blindness, "sees" President Eisenhower with her sensitive hands. "I just love his smile," she said. Miss Keller's 75th birthday on June 27 is being celebrated all over the world.



AT DELHI, India, Miss Keller receives an honorary degree from Dr. Radhakrishnan, Chancellor of the University there. This is only one of the distinctions bestowed upon her for the example she has set by her courage, faith, and learning.



DURING HER VISIT to Australia in 1948, Miss Keller "listens" to young aboriginal children sing for her at La Perouse, N.S.W. With one hand on the piano to feel vibrations, she keeps perfect time to their singing.

Her triumphal progress



MISS KELLER graduated with honors at Radcliff College, went on to a grand career.



HELPFUL HAND was given by inventor Alexander Graham Bell, who arranged lessons for Helen.



ANNE SULLIVAN, whom Miss Keller always called "Teacher," devoted her life to the brilliant Helen.

At such times her imagination will run its full course.

In Miss Keller's fantastic world, colors have their own special meanings. How can she love color she's not seen? "It's a kind of symbolism," she explains. "Yellow is 'like the sun,' green is 'coolness and the spring fulfillment of autumn's promise.'"

And such imagery also explains her love of clothes. "When I wear blue," Miss Keller says, "I feel like God's wide blue sky. But in purple I feel mysterious."

Miss Keller's greatest satisfaction comes, perhaps, when she's sitting cross-legged on the floor of her treasured Braille library, its shelves lined with reference books, poetry, and the classics.

Reading from the Bible is a daily morning ritual.

"I love it as I love no other book," Miss Keller says. "The

Bible gives me a deep, comforting sense that 'things seen are temporal, things unseen are eternal.'"

With such faith, she has dedicated her 75 years to those who, like herself, are blind. But she has a word for all:

"Use your eyes as if tomorrow you would be stricken blind."

Australians share stage triumph



RICHLy DECKED with golden bracelets and chains to give color to his sombre gabardine, Robert Helpmann dominates the Old Vic production of "The Merchant of Venice," which is now on tour of Australia. Evoking both sympathy and hatred with his magnificent characterisation of the Jew, Helpmann has won unstinted critical praise.

★ With superb production and beautiful costuming and scenery, the Old Vic Company is gathering the applause and admiration of local audiences on its 1955 Australian tour. Presenting a repertoire of three Shakespearian comedies, "The Merchant of Venice," "Taming of the Shrew," and "Measure for Measure," the Old Vic also has the excitement of its stars: Australian Robert Helpmann, who has come home to prove he is as brilliant an actor as he was a dancer, and Hollywood's Katharine Hepburn.

Another Australian, London Sainthill, shares the triumph of the season with his designs and costumes for "The Merchant." The total cost of the three productions was £51,250. The sets alone cost £10,000. The action flows as smoothly as a film. In the first two plays walls and arches running and swivelling on rails, pivots, and trolleys are moved in full view of the audience.



LEFT: Katharine Hepburn and Robert Helpmann play the wooing scene in "Taming of the Shrew." The pillared arches in the background, with their sophisticated pinks and greys, slide away to transform this interior to a street in Padua. Director of the three productions is Michael Benthall.

ABOVE: Designed by Peter Hurst, of Sydney, the dress Miss Hepburn wears in the wooing scene is glitter-flecked organza worn over silk taffeta, and covered with a pale olive-green apron. Pictures on these pages were taken by staff photographer Robert Cleland at the Tivoli Theatre, Sydney.



ABOVE: Spectacular rose negligee veiled in white is worn by Katharine Hepburn (Portia) for her first scene in "The Merchant." The Old Vic is making a six months' tour of Australia, and will appear in all capital cities.

BELOW: In lilac-grey velvet, Portia watches with anxiety as one of her suitors tries to gain the right to marry her by choosing out of a golden, a leaden, and a silver casket set upon a table the one which contains her miniature.

ABOVE: On a terrace bathed in moonlight in the final scene of "The Merchant of Venice." Portia wears a gown which is designed in exquisite Elizabethan style. It is encrusted with pearls and decorated with fine embroidery.



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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

It's certainly a wonderful thing to have someone love you.
But it also puts an obligation on you that can be quite a burden.

MANY a teenager has
discovered this when
he's trying to grow into a
self-reliant, independent
adult. For he finds that in
the process he's hurting
very much a parent who
loves him, likes having him
close to home all the time,
and doesn't really want
him to become independ-
ent.

Take this situation:

"I AM a boy of 16 and have
a good steady job. I do
not keep bad company and
until recently went to Scouts
only once a week. Within
the past few weeks I have gone
to a dancing lesson, as I want
to improve, also to gymnasium
one night a week to build my-
self up physically, and also
church and fellowship. Since
I started doing this my
mother has never stopped nag-
ging me about the bad
acquaintances I am supposed
to be keeping and about the
late nights (12 o'clock for the
dancing, 10 o'clock for the
rest), and generally complain-
ing that I just seem to pay
my board and be out all the
time. The complexion Mum
puts on it is that I should
stay home all the time and
just engage in idle talk. Please
tell me what I or we can do
about it, as I'm nearly fran-
tic. Whenever I try to reason
it out with them there are sug-
gestions thrown out that I
join the Navy quicker (I in-
tend to at 17, fairly soon) or
leave home. Maybe they're
right, maybe I am. Mum is
sick, not bedridden, and
although I don't lose my tem-
per I shout a bit."
Worried, N.S.W.

Stay at home until you join
the Navy at 17. Try, in the
meantime, to keep the peace
as best you can.

This will be difficult, but I
think it's up to you, at the
age of 16, to make the effort
rather than to expect your
parents to adjust to you.

Such an effort will proba-
bly involve sacrificing one of
your interests.

If you could bear it, drop
the dancing. You'll have
enough dance-floor assurance
by now to start you off, and it
is the latest night.

Also, have you given your

mother an opportunity to
meet your new friends?

Pick a time when you're
not cross with each other and
ask her permission to bring
one or two of them home. It
would reassure her to judge
for herself that they are fit
company for you.

You will think that I'm not
on your side. This is not so.
I am. I think it's good to have
many interests and to want
to improve, as you do.

But your mother's side has
its arguments.

If she didn't care so much
for you and your welfare she
wouldn't take this attitude.
She'd shrug her shoulders and
let you do exactly as you like.

What is "idle talk" to you
is absorbing conversation to
her.

At least give her the same
courteous hearing that you give
a friend whose conversation
doesn't particularly interest
you.

When you join the Navy,
these difficulties will clear up.
Your mother will accept such
a separation with good grace
and you will appreciate her
affection and your home very
much more than you do now.

I'm not criticising you for
lack of appreciation. It's
reasonable and natural to take
your home and parental affec-

tion for granted when you're
16 and have always had them.

"I HAVE quite frequently
had people to supper, sup-
plying coffee and toast (but-
tered), also cake and savories.
I supply on the plate set for
each guest a cake fork but no
knife, and sometimes not even
a cake fork for supper for in-
formal occasions to close
friends who sometimes drop
in informally for a chat. My
daughter tells me it is correct
to supply a knife on the plate
set for each guest. Is this
correct or incorrect?"
L.H., Queensland.

You are quite correct. A
fork is enough, and on infor-
mal occasions even the fork
is dispensed with.

Your daughter has perhaps
seen the knife supplied at a
supper where some of the food
needed cutting.

"I WOULD be overjoyed if
you could get me a pen-
friend, either a boy or a girl.
I am 15½, interested in swim-
ming, tennis, dancing, and all
music, including modern
music. I like playing gram-
ophone records and have a
small collection of them."

Pat Finch, 12 Ferriby Grove,
Inglemire Lane, Hull, East
Yorkshire, England.



DEBBIE'S RECIPE

GINGERBREAD is the choice this week.
Debbie, our teenage chef, finds it especially
popular when topped with lemon-flavored
icing and sprinkled with shredded coconut.

Ingredients: Four ounces butter or substitute, 1
cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup golden syrup, 2 cup
milk, 2½ cups flour, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon ginger,
1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of
soda.

1. Mix sugar with egg.
2. Melt butter or substitute, add golden syrup
and milk; mix together.
3. Add to sugar and egg with half sifted flour,
salt, ginger, cinnamon, and soda.
4. Stir lightly until smooth.
5. Fold in balance of sifted dry ingredients, con-
tinuing folding until mixture is even.
6. Fill into thoroughly greased slab-tin (approx.
7in. x 11in.).
7. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes.
8. Allow to stand five minutes in tin before turn-
ing out on to cake cooler to cool.

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even when grandma
was a girl!

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DISC DIGEST

ONE of the most extraordi-
nary recordings I've ever
heard is Stravinsky's "The
Marriage" (Les Noces), which
has appeared on microgroove
CFR10-576. I'm afraid only
students of the most advanced
forms of modern music will
enjoy this composition, which
is described as "a cantata with
dances." Music is provided
by four pianos and percussion
instruments, together with a
soprano, baritone, and chorus.
It is supposed to represent a
Russian wedding feast, and
my eyebrows went sky-high at

the bizarre rhythms. "The
Marriage" was first presented
by the Diaghilev Ballet in
1923. Presumably Stravin-
sky fans will be fascinated;
others will be less enthusiastic
unless they are able to see
a stage presentation to help
the imagination.

SIBELIUS' Symphony No. 2
is for those who like their
music cast in the heroic mould.
It is vigorous, panoramic, at
times almost ferocious in its
intensity, yet it is full of
lovely melodies. Two micro-

groove versions have recently
come on to the market, so I
was able to play them one after
the other, alternately. Sir
John Barbirolli conducts the
Halle Orchestra on
OALP.1122, while LXTA-
2815 has Anthony Collins with
the London Symphony. If your
radiogram is new and is able
to reproduce the full fre-
quency range, I'd recommend
the latter recording because it
is the more spectacular; never-
theless, Barbirolli's waxing is
outstanding.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



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(1180)



A sensible suggestion

Recently I called on the manager of our local branch of the Bank of New South Wales, and arranged to open my own account. My husband thought it would be a good idea if I were able to pay the doctor, the dentist, the butcher and the baker, and all other household bills without having to keep money in the home. So now I make all payments by cheque. And if I have financial problems I seek the friendly advice of the "Wales" manager.

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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"What a dinner! I swear I won't be able to eat for a week!"

MOTHER



"I said, BRING me the hot-water jug!"

It seems to me

LIKE all users of public transport, I am full of grievances about crowded vehicles, late buses, and snail-like progress.

Usually, since nothing is more boring than other people's misadventures with trams and trains, I control the desire to use mine for subject matter.

However, this week there is something really exciting on the transport front. There are plans for helicopter services in and around Sydney and I can hardly wait.

A company is organising a ten-seater service from Sydney to Manly, and the only disadvantage I can see is that in the early stages intending joyriders will probably have to book ahead.

Tourist agencies will be able to capitalise on the ground transport services as well by suggesting, "Why not step from a turn-of-the-century tram into the modern world, all in ten miles."

The news makes me optimistic that I shall yet live long enough to see my own particular wish come true, which is for a small winged vehicle about the size of a bicycle.

I can never see, in a world crammed with television, vacuum cleaners, and hydrogen bombs why personal wings aren't available.

Note for inventors: The contraption should be folding and portable, suitable for taking off from either a flat roof or a window platform. It would have to rise straight into the air for a few hundred feet and, of course, should require the minimum mechanical intelligence in operation.

BESET as I am by gardeners, I have been forced to cultivate a greater interest in the subject than is genuine.

In order to get some pleasure out of it, I read the gardening notes and adopt a critical attitude to enthusiasts' efforts.

For some time, for instance, I have been croaking to one friend that she has planted enough trees in an allotment 50ft. x 120ft. to serve several stately acres.

Indeed, I am looking forward to the day when several slow-growers attain their catalogue height of 30 feet. As it is, a willow tree has shot to 20 feet in a couple of years.

Undoubtedly it is a beautiful object, but you have to fight your way through the curtain it forms in order to see the rest of the garden.

Reluctantly, its owner, setting off to her office one day last week, asked the fortnightly gardener to lop off one or two branches.

The next day she was almost tearful. "Do you know what he did?" she complained. "He's cropped the willow tree till it looks like Audrey Hepburn!"

LONDONERS can now dial a telephone number to find out if it is going to rain, or if the rain will stop.

If that service ever starts in Sydney it may be necessary, judging by this year's rain record, to say to inquirers: "Kindly refrain from comment."

By



Dorothy Drann

A FRIEND who lived for some years in Paris was most interested to read that the rewards for rescuing drowning persons from the Seine have been increased.

The amounts vary from £1/10/- for dragging in, per rope or hand, from the bank, to £7/4/- for a swimming job.

She says that this mercenary assessment is based on a sound appreciation of the facts of Parisian life, and tells a story in illustration.

One cold, wet evening she was crossing the Pont Neuf on her way to keep a dinner appointment when suddenly a youth climbed the balustrade and jumped, screaming, into the Seine.

She rushed to the lower bank, where a small crowd had collected.

It was soon apparent from the chatter that she was the only person present who could swim. She was torn between a heroic gesture and the risk of entrusting her handbag to the non-swimmers. It contained all her identity papers—a serious loss for a foreigner in France.

Just as she had decided that the handbag would have to take its chance, along came the Fire Brigade. A very small fireman with an enormous rope plunged into the water and hauled out the victim.

Late for her appointment, my friend told her French host what had delayed her.

He looked at her in irritable astonishment. "Do you mean you were thinking of trying to save the boy?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

"But what on earth for?" he asked. "You didn't know him!"

GERMAN scientist Dr. Karl von Frisch, of the University of Munich, has sent by air a hive of 5000 bees from Europe to the Museum of Natural History in New York. He is conducting a series of experiments, begun in Paris, to find out whether bees have a sense of time.

Do bees, when buzzing round the hive,
Reflect on why they are alive
And whence they come and whither bound,
And other matters as profound?

And do old bees to young bees say,
"As I recall, each sunny day
Seemed ages long in summers past,
And now the years whiz by so fast!

"Why, now it's June, which brings to mind
That Christmas isn't far behind.
The funny thing (old bees confide)
Is that we don't feel old inside."

I met one day an ancient bee
Who offered this advice to me:
"Don't think of time when on the wing,
Keep buzzing, that's the wisest thing."

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NEW QUADS EXPECTED



ABOVE: Wedding group taken when Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lucke (right) were married on January 16, 1954. The best man, Monty Wardrop (left), is the bride's brother. His wife, Emily, who is Arthur Lucke's sister, was matron of honor. The flower-girl, Annette, is the eldest of Mr. and Mrs. Wardrop's four children, two of whom are twins. Picture by Barson's Studios, Bundaberg. RIGHT: Mrs. Agnes Lucke and her husband at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Boisen.



Young Bundaberg couple await multiple birth due next month

From ISLA BROOK, in Bundaberg

Bundaberg, Queensland, birthplace of famous Australians Bert Hinkler, Gladys Moncrieff, and Don Tallon, is expecting another famous birth—quadruplets. The quads are expected to arrive some time late next month to Mrs. Arthur Lucke, 32-year-old wife of a share farmer from Bucca, a sugar-growing and dairying area, 23 miles from Bundaberg. This will be Mrs. Lucke's first confinement. She was married 17 months ago.

THE Lucke quads are actually due on August 20—by the oddest coincidence it is the same date as the Sara Quads were due.

The Saras arrived from August 17 to 19, but Mrs. Lucke's doctor thinks hers will be even earlier, probably about the end of July.

He also expects they will be healthy, and the birth normal. The quads will be the first children for Mrs. Lucke.

A shy and softly spoken young woman with a mop of brown curly hair and a philosophical outlook on life, she is anticipating them with pleasure and phenomenal calm.

"I've known for about two months now that they were to be quads," she told me when I flew from Sydney to see her in Bundaberg last week.

"I heard on a Wednesday. On the Monday I'd done a big wash—blankets and all, because we had a new electric washing machine we'd both saved up for and I wanted to

try it out. So on the Tuesday I did all the ironing. On the Wednesday we went into town and doctor told me I was going to have quads. "Arthur was in a dither for

about three weeks, but I just took it calmly.

"I believe that what is to be will be.

"And I don't care what they are—boys or girls. Either will do me as long as they're healthy."

Mrs. Lucke has obviously inherited a good deal of the courage and the acceptance of life of her pioneering farming ancestors.

Before her marriage on January 16, 1954, she was Agnes Wardrop, descendant of early settlers in Queensland and northern N.S.W.

She is one of seven, and on the death of her father five years ago she took over for her invalid mother and her brother most of the running of the family's mixed farm at Avondale, 16 miles from Bundaberg.

It was a job that included milking 35 to 40 cows a day.

"I milked them all by hand, too," she said. "But Arthur

put in milking machines for me."

Since her marriage Mrs. Lucke has been keeping house for her husband and her father-in-law on her father-in-law's mixed dairy and cane farm at Bucca.

Not until a fortnight ago did she, on her doctor's orders, move into Bundaberg, where she is staying with friends—Mr. and Mrs. Ray Boisen.

There she can have regular medical attention and, a rare thing for her, complete rest.

"Not that I feel sick," she said cheerfully. "I'm not sick at all.

"I do get a bit tired. But the doctor said I'm not to do any work, not even sewing, so I'm not.

"Of course at first I only expected one, so I only started preparing for one.

"I haven't got things for the other three, but I'm not bothering about that.

"I'm doing what the doctor tells me."

Firmly supporting his wife in obeying the doctor's orders is 34-year-old Arthur Lucke.

Farming family

BIG and husky, with the quiet voice of a Queensland, far-seeing blue eyes, and the sound good sense of a man of the land, he and his father before him were Bundaberg born.

Their name is pronounced Loo-key.

One of a family of six, Arthur Lucke is now share-farming with his father.

Most nights lately he's been driving 46 miles into town and back in his somewhat battered utility to spend a few hours with his wife, giving her the comfort and strength only a husband can give.

"I'll be glad when it's all

over safely" is practically his only spoken comment about the expected quads.

Giving the appearance of being much more excited than either of the Luckes is the staff of the Lady Chelmsford Hospital, where the quads are booked to make their first appearance.

Lady Chelmsford is the maternity section of the 150-bed Bundaberg General Hospital.

Hospital ready

FOR at least two months since the X-rays confirmed that quads could be expected the hospital has been preparing for them. One humidicrib and respirator are installed, three more are on order ready to be delivered at a moment's notice.

A new nursery being built as part of the hospital's rebuilding scheme is unlikely to be used yet a while.

It's being saved for the quads.

Equally painstaking in his preparations is Mrs. Lucke's doctor, good-looking young Dr. Eric Schmidt, who is 33.

He's known throughout the town as Dr. Eric to distinguish him from his father, Dr. Egmont Schmidt, who has been in practice in Bundaberg since 1910.

Like Arthur Lucke, Dr. Eric was born in the town. His father, a jovial family doctor in the old tradition, is as intensely interested in the quads as are his son and the hospital.

But I thought I detected a note of wistfulness in his interest.

"You know," he said, "I've brought babies into the world here at the rate of 250 a year for over 30 years and I never struck so much as a case of triplets."



MR. ARTHUR LUCKE (centre) with Mr. and Mrs. Ray Boisen at their home in Bundaberg. Mrs. Lucke is staying with the Boises while she is awaiting confinement. Mr. Lucke travels 23 miles from his farm at night to see his wife.

AT HOME WITH MAURICE



MAURICE on the balcony of "Le Village Maurice Chevalier," the beautiful home which he gave at the end of 1953 to retired composers. Until then he spent some time each year living there in the home he loved.

SCENE of many parties for literary, stage, and society friends is Chevalier's long, green-shuttered villa (right). Called "La Louque," it is the pet name, which has no real meaning, which Chevalier had for his mother.

★ The world's highest-paid revue artist, Maurice Chevalier, is reputed, at the age of 66, to be retiring from the footlights to make a series of international television films.

But it is hoped that before he retires from the stage forever—and there are doubts as to whether he will ever live without the applause of an audience—he will visit Australia.

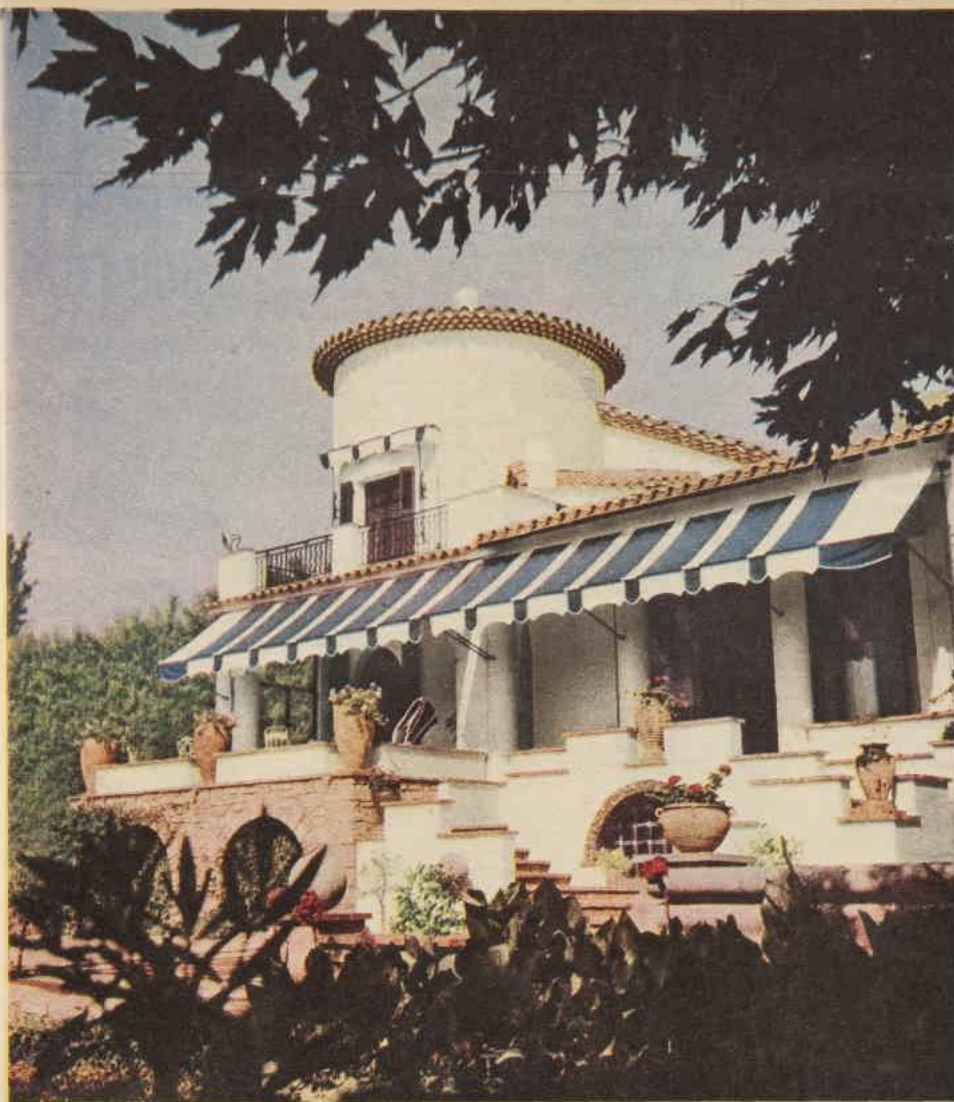
Pictured on these pages are his two homes. The one photographed in color he has given to retired composers. The other is his new home, "La Louque." It stands outside Paris, and he now lives there with his brother.

The pictures were taken by French photographer Serge Lido.



CHEVALIER as interpreted by Spanish sculptor Miranda adorns the mantel above the fireplace at "La Louque" (above). The painting is a Renoir. At the left is a gift from an admirer—a huge matchbox.

IRREPRESSIBLE, irresistible Maurice Chevalier (right), who recently received the "Golden Apple" for male fashion, which is awarded by a Paris magazine for the best-dressed star, partakes of his morning coffee.



KNOWN as "Le Village Maurice Chevalier" (left) is the lovely house and gardens given by Maurice as a home where retired French composers may share the delights of the home he loved.

BILLED as the most expensive artist in the world, Chevalier relaxes at his villa. His puppy evidently has no objection to the affection he receives from his world-famous master, Maurice.



A MAGNIFICENT marble dining-table for the host to entertain his many friends at "La Louque." Chevalier's abiding hunger is for applause which at the age of 66 he is still easily commanding.

ENTRANCE to "Le Village Maurice Chevalier." Maurice's love of the circus lured him into show business. He is now starring in a series of television films—beginning a new career as he nears 67.





Everyone would like to have white, sparkling teeth like lovely Sydney model Janette Paris. Her teeth care is simple to follow. She uses new American formula Nyal Toothpaste. Janette says:-

"To my mind there is no better Toothpaste than Nyal!"

You, too, can have whiter, brighter teeth in only 10 days by using Nyal Toothpaste. New American-formula Nyal Toothpaste will clean your teeth better than ever before! **Cleans Teeth Better.** In texture and cleansing power, Nyal Toothpaste sets a new standard; foams instantly, helps remove food particles from between the teeth.

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Have whiter teeth in 10 days with...



DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The one-piece dress illustrated here was chosen in response to many letters requesting a simple and flattering design for the not-so-slender matron's figure.

I HAVE answered one reader's letter that is typical of many in this week's fashion mail. This is the letter, with my reply.

"WILL you please help me with the following problem? I am finding it impossible to buy a simple, smart, and slenderising design for a middle-aged woman. I lead a fairly busy life, and though not a strict follower of fashion—I leave that for the young—I like to be becomingly frocked."

The design I have chosen in answer to your request is sketched at right. It has slenderising lines, a double row of tiny buttons along the entire front of the dress, and is finished with a smartly rolled collar. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 38in. to 44in. bust. Under the sketch are further details and how to order.

"KINDLY assist me with an idea to combine two pieces of rayon wool. One is kelly-green and the other black. I have at least 3yds. of both materials. I want the outfit to be very smart."

Use the green wool for a straight below-the-hip-length jacket finished with a velvet collar and revers above a fly-front closing. Use the black wool for an all-round knife-pleated skirt. An ensemble designed on these lines is not only right in fashion but practical, too. Both jacket and skirt could be worn separately with other garments.

"MY new suit has a boxy jacket. As the jacket doesn't fasten—it is just edge-to-edge—I would like to know what style of blouse to wear under it."

I suggest a waistcoat-type blouse in a contrasting material and color to the suit. For a tweed suit I like the idea of suede or velveteen for the waistcoat. If the suit is made in wool of plain texture and color, I think a tweed or plaid waistcoat would be chic.



D.S.142. — One-piece matron's dress in sizes 38in. to 44in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/9. Pattern may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"IN planning a spring ensemble I would be very grateful for some advice. Is navy and white going to be worn? I am keen to have this

combination because I already have some beautiful navy wool."

The all-navy dress with a sharp white accent is always a spring favorite, and one I can thoroughly recommend for the coming season. About the design, I advise a long-torso dress. It can be belted or unbelted, according to your figure and taste. Have the dress finished with a large white pique collar and neck full-in. Have the skirt belled out by gores from the hipline, or, if you prefer it, slender and straight—either silhouette is correct. Again, it is a matter of your figure proportions and personal preference.

"COULD you please tell me if it would be correct fashion to have a frock and coat both made in the same material?"

Yes, it would. The ensemble consisting of a dress with its own coat has made a spectacular leap into the fashion spotlight. Moreover it looks like being a continued fashion success for winter-into-spring.

"WILL brown be popular for spring clothes?"

Yes, it will in every shade. The most-liked tones include mocha, mocha cream, chocolate, dust, and ginger.

"I HAVE a frock length of very soft wool in a pink-and-white check. I bought the material to make some blouses, but would now like to make it up for a suit or frock. Would you help me with an idea? I am 19 and S.S.W. fitting."

A tunic dress is very new and is particularly suited to soft wool. Have the tunic hip-length, beltless, and very tailored, with a high-to-the-throat neckline finished with a self band and two high-placed pockets, and three-quarter-length uncuffed sleeves. Have the skirt slender, straight, and lined. The latter is very necessary, because soft wool is very apt to "bag" at the seat and lose its slim, straight line.

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EIGHT coupons will be printed, giving 32 qualities from which the competitors must choose 12 to list on their entry form.

The entry form will be published with the last coupon on July 13. The competition will close on August 17.

After July 13 the judges, women in various walks of life, will work out their entries, which will be calcu-

lated on the same basis as preferential voting. The result will be the correct answer.

The prizes are four Hillman Minx sedan cars registered and insured for 12 months, bringing their value to £1000.

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THE VETERANS

By Eric Lambert

The author of best seller *Twenty Thousand Thieves* has rivalled himself in his new novel.

The Australian Digger is his hero again, but this time at first on leave in the unfamiliar Sydney of Americans and black markets, then in the unforgettable jungle war of New Guinea.

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BACKACHE swiftly checked

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CAIRNS VIA VENICE



MOTOR VESSEL FLAMINIA arrives at Cairns, its decks filled with Italian migrants who crowded to the rails to get a first glimpse of their new home. The men will cut sugarcane in Queensland.

Italian workers here as first shipload in new migration experiment

By
NONI ROWLAND,
staff reporter

Sunburnt Queenslanders in shirt-sleeves or cotton frocks crowded a Cairns wharf recently in bright tropical sunshine to welcome 800 Italian migrants when they arrived on the liner *Flaminia* direct from Venice.

THE welcome had been planned weeks before, and the arrival of the *Flaminia* was a much-discussed subject in the thriving North Queensland sugar port of Cairns.

The liner was no ordinary migrant ship and the men and 150 women and children on board were not the usual shipload of migrants. They were handpicked in Italy by a selection committee of three Australian cane-growers.

The *Flaminia* was making history by being the first ship to bring assisted migrants direct to a North Queensland port.

Instead of spending weeks, sometimes months, in migrant centres far from the places in which they eventually would earn a living, they were brought straight to the countryside where they were needed—the rich canefields of Queensland.

Often in the past migrants who have landed in Australian capitals have been attracted

by city life and soon drifted back there from country districts.

The first glimpse the Italians had of their new homeland showed a lush tropical landscape, entirely different from the country they had left. They had sailed from over-populated Italy with its small villages—little, self-enclosed worlds—at the end of winter and arrived in their new country in bright sunshine.

In the distance at the foot of the steep dark rain forests they could see the green fields where the cane was now ready for cutting.

As the liner moved alongside the palm-fringed wharf, the handsome young Italians, some with their wives and children, must have been reassured by the welcome given them by the warm-hearted city of Cairns.

The first sounds they heard above the ship's siren were amplified recordings of popular Italian hit tunes.

Being Italians, it wasn't long before they started singing.

Resident Italians, who have spent half a lifetime in North Queensland and are now thoroughly assimilated, respected, and liked in the sugarcane districts, helped to break down for the migrants the strangeness of their new country by shouting greetings from the wharf.

Some were relatives of the migrants. Others, like Mrs. L. Nicotra, of Innisfail, and Mrs. E. Verri, who had come to Australia as youngsters, married, and reared families, got up early and travelled miles just to greet the new arrivals.

"I just had to come to see the ship," said Mrs. Verri, a cheery, motherly woman, who has still retained her Italian accent after 33 years in Australia.

"They're all good boys, those," she said, waving to the migrants on board.

"They'll have to work hard as my husband and I did

when we first came. I used to work in the fields with my husband. Did I cut cane? Oh, boy, did I cut at that cane!

"But we eventually got our own farm at Mossman, north of here, and were able to retire three years ago."

Prominently displayed on a wharf shed and given a great ovation by the welcoming committee was a big sign. It read simply, "Benvenuti a Cairns"—welcome to Cairns.

Before they came ashore, the migrants listened politely to an impressive number of speeches in English from civic leaders.

But they relaxed, looked happier, and clapped loudly when Mr. C. Trucano, the Italian consular agent in Cairns and himself a migrant way back in the 1920's, translated the speeches into Italian.

Four hundred of the migrants and their wives and children left the ship soon after it berthed. They moved into the attractive Cairns Migrant Centre, which was reopened for them.

Within a week the men were scheduled to be sent out to work for six months in the fertile red soils of the canefields. They were to return to the centre to spend the weekends with their wives and children.

The remaining 400 single men continued the journey in the *Flaminia* to Townsville, where they will work and sleep in barracks on cane farms in the district.

To the Queensland cane-growers and migration authorities these new Italian cane-cutters represented an experiment in the selection of migrants to Australia.

The three cane-growers had been sent to Italy to handpick them, because of a belief that in previous post-war years not always the most suitable type



CAIRNS MIGRATION CENTRE, where the migrants will settle temporarily. Commonwealth migration officer Mr. T. M. Nulty said the centre is the neatest and one of the best equipped in Australia.

Picked settlers



IMPROMPTU CONCERT by the Italians soon after they had arrived at the Cairns Migration Centre. They love music and they quickly unpacked their musical instruments.

of Italian migrant had been sent to the cane fields.

Cane-cutting pays extremely well, but it is one of the hardest, most back-breaking jobs in the world, and it was believed too many city types, who were physically and mentally unsuited to the work, had been sent north.

"The early Italian settlers in Australia knew the work was hard, but they were prepared to work to realise their ambitions," said Mr. Trucano as we stood talking in the sun, waiting for the Flaminia to berth.

"Thirty years ago the migrants were prepared in the beginning to content themselves with living in little humpies and using kerosene tins as chairs.

Wives in fields

THEIR wives worked alongside them in the fields, and they made sacrifices to educate their children. Eventually they managed to buy farms of their own, and today they are prosperous, well-respected men.

"But nowadays some of the migrants expect a lot of money for a little work. No kerosene tins for them. They want upholstered chairs straight away.

"That's why we're so happy about these handpicked migrants arriving today."

Mr. E. F. Santarossa, who

came out from Italy on borrowed money 30 years ago, spoke of the hopes that he and other cane-growers had about the new arrivals.

"Many of the migrants we have had up here in the past came from the cities," he said, "and weren't used to rural work.

"When I came out here as a boy of 16, I was lucky to get 17/6 a day cutting cane," he added. "Today an expert cutter in a good season can earn an average of £6 per day.

"Last year the two cutters I employed finished their six months' season earning £1700 each.

"Moreover, a cutter today works only a 40-hour week. He works out his eight hours a day between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. Because of the heat and hard work, most cutters take a long break at midday."

On board the Flaminia I talked to Mr. P. Lalli, of Ing-ham, one of the three members of the selection committee.

A cheerful, stocky man with the Italian's humorous approach to life, he told me that he had spent four months travelling through Sicily and Italy.

"We interviewed 5000 men before we made our final selection of 1500," he said. "The remaining 700 are coming out later on the Italian liner Toscanelli.



WIDE-EYED with wonder at her new homeland is three-year-old Fulvia Tassini, who is held up by her mother, Mrs. Noema Tassini, to get a better view from the ship.

"You've lived in Italy? Then you know what life is like over there. You will know what I mean when I said we looked for the real peasants, rural workers who have never lived in the cities and were used to life on the land.

"A few of the men we chose were unemployed, but most of them were earning something like 17/6 a day. Some were only earning about 8/- a day.

"None of these boys, whose average age is about 24 or 25, is illiterate. All are strong, all are ambitious, all of them are prepared to work hard.

"Yes, I think we have chosen well."

When I went out to the migrant centre the following day I agreed with the jovial Mr. Lalli on the wisdom of handpicking migrants.

Willing hands

THEY were all lively, intelligent men and women with a willingness to work and an eagerness to settle down that was good to see.

With the aid of an interpreter and the use of my own peculiar brand of pidgin Italian I spoke to several of the married and single men.

Typical of the young men were Antonio Pasinato and Antonio Biasi. Pasinato worked as a blacksmith in a northern Italian village, and Biasi had a job on the land.

The two handsome young Italians both earned about 17/6 a day in Italy. Both have a goal in Australia. Pasinato wants to have his own blacksmith business in Australia and bring his fiancée out. Biasi wants a farm.

One of the married men, Mr. R. Santarossa, brought his wife and two children with him.

They lived in a rented two-bedroom house in northern Italy and jumped at the chance of coming to Australia.

"I hope the future holds

something good for me here," he said.

"I'm not afraid of hard work. I want something good for my family."

Like home

THE centre soon looked like a miniature Italian village after the migrants moved in. The women were busy at household chores and the men were singing softly in the shade of palm trees.

As soon as word spread round the camp that I had lived in the village of Positano, in southern Italy, a band of dark-haired Sicilians and fairer-haired northern Italians sang for me some of the songs I had heard so often in Positano.

Before long we had practically the whole camp round us, and the singing broke off only when the lunch bell sounded.

Back in Cairns, the townspeople were planning a civic reception the following week for the migrants.

Mr. W. Moloney, chairman of the New Settlers' League in Cairns, told me that one of the town's theatres had been booked for the reception.

Migration authorities in Cairns for the arrival of the ship and who co-operated with the sugar industry in bringing out the migrants think the new scheme will work well.

But they also point out that, although Australia is certainly giving a helping hand to these friendly Latins from an over-crowded land, it's not a one way affair.

The migrants are going to do a great deal to help Australian production.

As Mr. T. M. Nulty, Commonwealth migration officer for Queensland, said: "Twenty-five per cent. of the national output of sugar is produced by migrant labor, and without this Australia would probably have to import sugar to meet its own needs."



Morning Freshness
all day long!

Bath-time sprinkles of silky-fine Johnson's keep your skin smooth, comfortable, petal-fresh ... through long active hours.



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BABY POWDER

Best for Baby ... Best for You!

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Mrs. M. Morris, 32 Beatrice Road, Dalkeith, W.A.

Mrs. N. S. Pabian, 28 Oliver St., Grafton, N.S.W.

Mrs. M. Webedane, 43 Osborne Road, East Fremantle, W.A.

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★ Hoover takes this opportunity to congratulate all winners and to thank the thousands of other contestants who contributed so much to the success of this contest.

Australia's
greatest
magazine
for boys & girls



EVERY THURSDAY



FROM VENETO PROVINCE came the Valvasorri family. Husband Giuseppe said, "We had a wonderful trip." His little son, Mario, soon endeared himself to all on board.

Mm,m-m!

tha



MAX FORBES

That's real tomato soup



That's high praise, from Dad—and the way to win it, Mother, is always to serve Kia-ora Tomato Soup.

Kia-ora Tomato Soup is **double-strength** for economy and flavour. It is made from the finest sun-ripened tomatoes, blended with rich, golden table butter, full-cream milk, cane sugar, salt and selected spices. The Kia-ora chefs take all these good things and simmer them long and slowly until they're cooked to perfection. No other soup has the **rich** true-tomato flavour of Kia-ora **double-strength** Tomato Soup. No other Tomato Soup is so **nourishing**, so **satisfying** as Kia-ora. No wonder it has been acclaimed in America and England as the world's finest tomato soup. Try it! One sip and you'll say "Mm-mm! that's **real** tomato soup!"

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"KIA-ORA MEANS GOOD HEALTH"

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20 TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20 GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21 CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22 LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22 VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23 LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23 SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22 SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20 CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19 AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19 PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are June 30 and July 1. Bring out that primrose twin set or wear a scarf of daffodil-yellow in order to enhance your popularity. ★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are June 30 and July 2. Saxe-blue, greenish blue, or brilliant jewel-blue, in frock or coat, is kind to the traveller. ★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are June 28 and July 2. That quaint ornament for your lapel, that ultra smart grey-green outfit bring good vibrations. ★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are June 29 and July 1. Very pale pastel, deep cream, off-white with a yellowish tinge favor all your plans. ★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days are June 28 and July 1. Scarlet lipstuck, a red blouse or frock will be helpful, but a red handbag will attract a personal triumph. ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are June 29 and July 3. Popularity with your own, and the opposite, sex is assured if you wear a touch of mauve. ★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are July 1 and 4. Those rainbow effects, filmy bows, pretty rather than severe, will bring romantic thrills to all of you. ★ Lucky number this week, 8. Best days are June 28 and 30. Violette-rose, dusty-pink, in blouse or sweater, will take you far in the direction of your goal. ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are June 30 and July 3. Wear that bunch of violets for luck, and any speculation should be under kindly stars. ★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are June 29 and July 2. Black-and-white effects will help you to stand out and look charming wherever you go. ★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are June 28 and July 4. Navy-blue, from head to foot, if possible, and especially light navy, will give you poise. ★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are June 29 and July 4. Any glistening fabric, or an ornament of an odd shape, such as a bracelet, spells good fortune.	★ If a voluntary worker, you may retire from one activity in favor of another. If employed, you may reach the end of an association and betake yourself to new scenes. ★ If you are concerned with communications, such as telephones and telegraph, or if you are a clerical worker, promotion is likely. Otherwise you may take up a new hobby. ★ It's now or never if you want to carry out any scheme to put you on a sound financial basis. Plenty coming in, but watch that it doesn't all go out again. ★ Make requests for personal interviews, see those in authority, contact friends who can be of help, pull all the strings you can on your own behalf. ★ If you are saving up either to fulfill a wish or for a present to someone you love, you may be tempted into extravagance. Go without now for later enjoyment. ★ Should you have had your eye on a certain job for quite a while, it might suddenly fall into your lap. Many of you will be glad of better working conditions. ★ Increased pay is likely to bring increased responsibility. You may be put in charge of a group of people or a certain department of work, and make a success of it. ★ Looking ahead, you may sacrifice a part of your leisure in order to carry professional training further and qualify for that fatter pay envelope. Others start hobbies. ★ Recognition of past efforts may be overdue. Some of you are feeling just now that you are not appreciated at your true value, but keep going as you are. ★ Co-operation is essential, whether it's on a committee for social welfare or whether it's in your business world. Even at personal sacrifice, try to keep the wheels going. ★ You'll think up some short-cuts, a new system or a better schedule on the job, and find, after a few experiments, that the work goes more easily and is finished earlier. ★ If a schoolteacher, good news. If a teenager, a wonderful career opportunity; if older and interested in helping the community, a new chairmanship.	★ If you are dissatisfied with some particular feature of your home, you may find a remedy without spending as much money as you anticipated, and win compliments. ★ The visit of a relative, or old friend of the family, may bring a welcome new element into the household. Some of you are likely to spend a weekend away. ★ If you're a homemaker, and home is getting on your nerves, you may decide to share your residence temporarily with someone, or lighten the burden of your work. ★ If you enjoy pottering around, you may find happiness in going all domestic, cooking up fancy dishes, or having fun with millinery or dressmaking. ★ Kept home, perhaps, through minor illness in the household, you may take on some project that has long tempted you and for which you could not find time before. ★ If a parent, children's parties may be looming up. If busy making new friends, or, if in a new district, you may join in some neighborhood enterprise. ★ Home affairs may be of secondary importance just now. Some new activity could take you out frequently, or social interests may have more appeal than usual. ★ This is an excellent time to take up courses in domestic arts and crafts, or learn more about the best and quickest methods in home-making. ★ Friction at home is always trying, and some members of the family have unreasoning prejudices, generally in connection with trifles. Handle others with patience. ★ When you work as a team, your family can accomplish wonders. You're all out to get things done and it looks as if you are starting on a most attractive venture. ★ Some of the family may bring home work to do. You will each be busy separately, so make as few demands as possible on those who already have a lot to do. ★ You can, when you choose, make your home a centre of happiness. Teenagers' friends may mean lots of noise, but it helps elders to live their own youth over.	★ Love may have a practical way in showing itself. A gift may be on the way or some service may be done which gives you a pleasant glow. ★ You may see a great deal of the beloved, with the family, or friends, always present. One of you may be temporarily absent and you may write frequent letters. ★ If a boy, and in love, thoughts of saving money forgoing ahead in your career, with object matrimony. If a girl, window shopping for the glory-box. ★ Maybe you are swooning all over the place, but don't show it, or you'll become an object of teasing, and the other party may not be quite so sure of his emotions. ★ Should a recent disappointment have fallen to your lot, look forward, survey the possibilities, be so busy you have no time to brood. Love may be around the corner. ★ You're pals rather than lovers at present, but it's an exceptionally happy state. Whether you're a teenager or many years married, you are under smiling stars. ★ The boy-friend or girl-friend, or the marriage partner, may have an honor bestowed on him or her. This will bring you both much satisfaction. ★ If quite young, you may meet the one and only in a study group, or a hobby class, or sporting club. This could change the whole direction of your interests. ★ Is that love affair really serious, or do you know at the bottom of your heart that it is just a passing fancy? You would be wise to be very sure of your own feelings. ★ The marriage partner will back you up in a difficult situation if you ask for moral support. You can be greatly strengthened if you have someone beside you. ★ If he belongs to an organisation, why not join up and share the interest? This will help with mutual plans and furnish a subject for conversation. ★ Take a chance on love: it's a winner if you are true and sincere. And if the beloved wants you to join him, or her, in a mild speculation, you might enjoy success.	★ Family parties, celebrations, may be your chief social outlet at present, probably in honor of an older person. In some cases, committee meetings may be held. ★ Friends living at a distance may visit you or invite you to visit them. As a result, some new interest is likely to arise in which you all can join. ★ If you are concerned with raising funds for a good cause, stunts which have a special appeal or ideas along new lines not tried before may be your contribution. ★ Confidence in your ability to handle people and situations will be essential if you hope to push through. If you are hesitant, things will get out of control. ★ Get along with your own activities, but do not expect much of others who are busy with their own affairs. Any major undertaking should be postponed. ★ Hectic social life may run you ragged, but you'll enjoy every minute of it. Popularity is as high. If quite young, dances; if older, theatre parties or concerts. ★ You must make a good impression on that very important occasion. You will want to plan carefully what you will wear, say, and do. ★ Much of your activity is likely to be with groups meeting for a particular purpose, rather than mere sociability. Clever suggestions by you may earn praise. ★ Don't drive yourself, from a sense of duty, to go places which bore you, or which take time from more pressing personal affairs. Saying "no" gracefully is an art. ★ This week favors older subjects who wish to escape from the grooves of grey monotony. Grandma may not be available as a baby-sitter, because she's stepping out, too. ★ If you stuff a lot of rich food, you'll pay the penalty. Quite a few of you may be out of action, mainly through your own fault. Others may help in a social emergency. ★ Especially joyous, if a teenager, you may appear in a play, sing, shine in a sporting team, or help organise some function. You'll be gaining experience.
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When FIVE go to school...

I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW HOW THEY MANAGED A BIG WASH WHEN MOTHER WAS A GIRL, TODAY—WITH THOSE THICKER, RICHER RINSO SUDS IT'S EASY AS A. B. C. AND CLOTHES ARE BRIGHTER THAN BRAND-NEW.

Rinso's thicker, richer suds take the hard work out of washdays

OLD-TIME SOAP SHAKERS AREN'T NEARLY QUICK ENOUGH FOR US. RINSO'S LONG-LASTING SUDS DISSOLVE GREASE FAST!

Life is busy and joyous for the six rosy-cheeked youngsters of Mr. and Mrs. R. Schembri, of Merrylands, New South Wales. For playmates, they have 2 cats, 3 kittens, 6 rabbits, 17 fish in a pond and 32 chickens (at last count). With their own private zoo, those six children certainly pile up the washing for Mum. But pretty Mrs. Schembri accepts it all with sweet temper.

Six small people at school and play, the eldest aged eleven and the youngest only three. Think what it means, come washdays, for this young mother. Does it trouble her? Not one bit. Into Rinso's thick, rich suds go all the dirty clothes. Out on the line—so quickly—all shining white, dazzling bright. And Mrs. Schembri's hands stay soft and smooth as her own blonde daughter's. Like 7 out of every 10 Australian housewives, this capable, modern homemaker has proved that Rinso is best for everything—whites, coloureds, dishes.

Rinso is the only product recommended by the makers of all leading washing machines



Z344 WW76g



QUARTET. From left, Rowan Barker, Caroline James, Barbara Partley, and John Love at the combined ball given by the All Saints' Old Boys' Union and the Marsden Old Girls' Union at the Rainbow Room of the Australia Hotel. Both All Saints' and Marsden schools are at Bathurst.



ARRIVING at the Trocadero are Judith Lorimer, of Gordon, and Peter Allen, of Epping. They were among guests at the ball given by the University Medical Society. Judith wore a bouffant dress of bitterwee-pink organza.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

NEWS comes from London of the engagement of Sinclair Hill, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hill, of "Terlings," Moree, to Valeria Babacci, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John V. Babacci, of the Argentine, South America.

Valeria and Sinclair have already set the date for their wedding, August 2, and the ceremony will be at a county church near Medhurst, in Sussex. Sinclair's best man will be an Australian, Peter Pattinson, of Orange.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill left home last March to visit their son, who returned to England to meet his parents after three months' stay in the Argentine.

Sinclair is an enthusiastic polo player. With the Duke of Edinburgh, he was a member of the team which recently won the Tyro Cup at Cowdray Park, in Sussex.

A DATE for your diary . . . Friday, July 1, for the Pacific Club's winter dinner dance at Prince's.

THERE are great rejoicings in the Hon. Simon Warrinder's household in Toorak with the arrival of a son and heir—to be named Alexander Victor—at Mercy Hospital, Melbourne. The Warrinders have two small daughters, Edwina and Alicia, who are excitedly waiting to meet their new brother.

SUVA, Noumea, and the Barrier Reef are all on the itinerary for newlyweds Colin and Lesley Archer, who were married at St. Mark's, Darling Point, early this month. Colin and Lesley left on board the Himalaya last weekend for a fifteen-day cruise, and they'll return to make their home at Longreach, Queensland. Lesley is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Clayton, of "Gold Creek," near Canberra.

PLANS for their wedding on July 8 are being made by Belinda Parry-Okeden and Ian Willmore, of Rose Bay. Belinda is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. C. Parry-Okeden, of Darling Point, and a reception at their home will follow the ceremony at St. Mark's. Belinda and Ian met when they were both on their way to England in Orsova about twelve months ago.

JULY can't come quickly enough for Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Hall, of Bellevue Hill—for their son, Sub-Lieutenant Ian Hall, will return home after three years based in England with the Royal Navy. A lot of Sub-Lieutenant Hall's time here will probably be taken up with house-hunting, ready for his wife's arrival late this year. She is the former Joan Holland, of Porton, Wiltshire, England.



DEBUTANTE Janet Hilder talks with two members of the Scots' College pipe band, Stuart Gordon (centre) and Robert McGregor, at the Sydney University Settlement Ball. The Governor, Sir John Northcott, received the debutantes.



BRIDAL GROUP. From left, Brian Johnson, of Perth, Jill Hassall, of Braidewood, John Cam, of Sydney, Dr. Bill Woods, of Goulburn, and his bride, formerly Joan Sendall, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Sendall, of Goulburn, and Mary Johnson, of Goulburn, after the wedding at St. Mary's Church, Essex, England.

OLYMPIC SKI FUND DANCE. Pam MacArthur Onslow and Pat Saunders at the dance held on board the Surriento by the New South Wales Ski Council. Pam wore a dress of coral tulle with gold sequins at the waist.



ENTERING THE CAR after their wedding at St. Stephen's are Dr. and Mrs. John Aitken. The bride was Jan Garrard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Garrard, of Parramatta.



BRISBANE WEDDING. Talbot Wilson and his bride, formerly Jennifer Saxton, at St. John's Cathedral, New South Wales visitors attended the wedding.

AFTER a hitch-hiking tour of Devon and Cornwall, Sydney lass Diane Ball, with Nina Humphries and Elizabeth Carter, is back in London again. The trio are settling into a flat at Lancaster Gate with three other young Australians, Robin Linsley, Gay Crawford, and Jan Wilson. Diane's mother, Mrs. W. A. Ball, of Pymble, tells me she's getting the most enthusiastic letters from her daughter.

BRIEFLY . . . Denise Russell, of Dubbo, is on her way to England in the Strathaird . . . from Goroka, New Guinea, Robert and Barbara Green will visit Barbara's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Bucknell, of Inverell, in July . . . Nea Tillack and Milton Hayes have decided on August 6 for their wedding at St. Luke's, Clovelly.

Bill himself wasn't particularly romantic. He had seen the puppet-show from the back all the years he could remember.

"We will be married," he vowed, "whatever they say. Only I shan't have enough money till I'm qualified." He was studying law. "Can you stay in love with me that long?"

"For ever."

That was before Mr. Barrington. He appeared in their young lives a month later at a tennis club dance.

"Lemonade?" He smiled down into Melody's eyes and shook his head. "Not for you, Pink champagne."

"Is there such a thing—to drink? I thought it was the name of an expensive perfume."

He had a deep, vibrating laugh. "Melody. It's an enchanting name. What else?"

"Lane—as if you didn't know. And don't say how pretty, because I think it is silly."

He raised arched eyebrows. "Why should I have known your name? Honor just said Melody."

"I'm Francesca Lane's daughter."

He shrugged. "So what? You're Melody."

"Isn't all this build-up a plot to meet Francesca?"

"My dear girl, what makes you think that?"

"Experience."

He took her in his arms and they danced. He was, she had to admit, much better at dancing than Bill. "I'd pay to see Francesca Lane any evening—she is superb, like her fabulous emeralds. But I don't want to meet her—it would spoil the illusion. And I know the emeralds must be a fake, but I like to go on believing they are real."

Her laughter chimed. "If you've read about Francesca, you know they are real."

Continuing . . . Totty's Love Affair

from page 3

"Tut—another of life's little illusions proved true. Does she wear them in every play?"

"Oh, no. But the play she is doing now was written for her and the emeralds."

"Well, for me, leave the glorious Francesca behind the footlights. You are real, and you are here." He gave her what she afterwards described to her friend Felicia Poole as a burning look.

Owing to Bill's father being the Screen's Greatest Lover, Bill wasn't so hot at the romantic stuff, and Dirk Barrington had quite a line. Once or twice, Melody saw Bill glowering at her, but after that she was so deep under the influence that she never noticed him at all.

"What the heck did you want to waste all evening with that Mediterranean type for?" he demanded crossly next morning. She handed him a glass of milk out of Francesca's fridge, which was as big as a cottage, and said dreamily, "I don't know. Bill, is there such a thing as pink champagne?"

Bill said gloomily, "Dunno. Why do you want to know?"

"I just wondered." She remembered reading somewhere that girls grew up more quickly than boys. Bill, she reflected, was really awfully young for his age, and his ears stuck out. She had never noticed about his ears before.

A week later Dirk Barrington took Melody home from a dance, and whereas she'd have taken Bill into the kitchen and raided the refrigerator, she felt impelled to take Dirk into the drawing-room and offer him the coffee and sandwiches left for Francesca.

It was then that Totty fell

in love with Mr. Barrington. She wove between his legs, rubbed her head on his shoes, and coyly invited him to join her in games.

"I say," Melody said with approval, "she has taken to you. Do you like cats?"

"I've never actually known one," said Dirk tactfully.

"It doesn't matter, because Totty is a bit of a maso-something. You know, when they like you all the more for pushing them around. She is not officially allowed in here because of Francesca's collection, which is fairly valuable and mostly fragile. Look, there is a fan which belonged to Ellen Terry, and in that cabinet there is a snuff-box which was Napoleon's. Shall I show you?"

"No. Tell me about yourself instead."

Flattering as this interest was, Melody experienced a slight sensation of surprise. "Most people are crazy to look at Francesca's collection."

He grinned at her. "I would be, too, if I believed all these things were genuine."

Melody was truly shocked. "They are genuine."

"All those diamonds in the snuff-box? An intelligent woman would lock all that in a safe."

"Francesca is intelligent, and she does."

"One of those flimsy wall-safes in her bedroom?"

"It isn't flimsy. It is a good one. And it isn't in her bedroom because she says if she is going to be robbed she won't be murdered as well. She—" Melody stopped suddenly. Her eyes flickered for a moment towards the painting of Francesca as Lady Macbeth and back to Dirk Barrington.

He knew the reason for her hesitation and teased her lightly. "Good girl. Don't tell a stranger where mother's safe is."

She was stung. "You are a guest, not a stranger. The safe is in this room. I'll show you."

He grabbed her wrists and stopped her mouth with a kiss. "No, my pretty. I don't want to be told. Suppose all those lovely emeralds were missing in the morning—where would I be? Under shocking suspicion, if not actually under lock and key."

Having started kissing her, he went on expertly, and Melody found herself enjoying it until suddenly she grew rather ashamed of herself and twisted out of his arms.

The hounds of spring, as the poet says, were on winter's traces. Bill and Melody went on being friends and so did Melody and Dirk Barrington. Bill was unhappy about this.

"Are you in love with me or not?" he challenged her. "Because I am with you, and I wouldn't go around with other women right under your nose the way you go about with Barrington under mine."

Melody was, as a matter of fact, still very much in love with Bill, especially when he was angry and his jaw stuck out aggressively, as it did now, and when his hair was rumpled because he had been pushing his fingers through it.

But there were times when the lower side of her nature suggested that Bill was the first man she had ever known, and that perhaps one should look further before finally deciding. Not that she'd ever have anyone else but Bill, of course—

"You danced six times with

Felicia Poole on Wednesday," she reminded him.

"Only because you danced six times with Patent Leather."

They were hurrying to a cinema under a light drizzle. Bill was so angry that he walked too quickly for Melody, who had to trot beside him to keep up. "Yes, but—see here, Bill, I know we're in love, and all that, but the fact remains I'm the first woman in your life, and you're the first man in mine. Isn't it a bit foolish to—well, sort of tie ourselves?"

He stood stock-still under the garish neon lights. "You talk like Them!" he said at last, disgustedly, and by Them he meant their parents. "If that's the way you feel—" He hunched up a shoulder, and flung himself away from her into the wet dusk. Melody stared after him, feeling at first desolated and weepy, her feet itching to run after him. Then suddenly she felt superior and senior enough to be tolerantly amused by the antics of the young.

Next day Bill came back, and they made up the quarrel. The Easter vacation was coming and they planned a whole day's walk, with lunch in a rucksack and tea at a cottage. "We'll find the first primroses," said Melody.

They picked on a day when Francesca would be out of

the country went well she might forget or relent, but if things went badly, and the actress came home overtired and cross, who knew what might happen to the little cat? Exile—or worse.

Melody was worried and Bill had a touch of toothache. It rained. By the time they reached their destination a brisk squabble had developed, fanned to some heat by the fact that Melody had promised to spend a whole day by the sea with Dirk Barrington.

"I love you, and want to marry you. Doesn't that give me the right to be jealous?" Bill demanded.

"Not if you are civilised. And aren't we just a little young to be talking of marriage?"

The minute she'd said this, Melody knew she had gone too far, but just then the train stopped and they had to get out into a cold driving spring rain. Melody's remorse had not yet grown big enough to quench the fire of her temper, and she saw the inward-bound train ready to leave from the opposite platform.

As the guard waved his flag she jumped in, a porter slammed the door, and she was carried away, leaving Bill on the platform with his mouth half open looking slightly foolish.

Before she reached the flat, she regretted her impetuosity. She would be all alone in the place for the rest of the day and she had hurt Bill's feel-

last her attentions annoyed him and he kicked her sharply. Totty took offence and retreated to the bracket over the door, where she gave a superb performance as an angry Cleopatra.

"I'm off now, Melody," said Dirk coldly. "Don't cry; you will be rescued in about five hours or so. Sorry you'll be uncomfortable, but you should stick to your dull young boy-friends. Naturally you'll tell the police all about me, but I don't think they'll catch me. I shall be in France in an hour or two—or Holland, or Belgium. Ta-ta!"

There were tears in Melody's eyes, tears of fury. She could not utter a word, and the things she longed to say boiled and bubbled inside her.

Then the drawing-room door opened and Bill crashed in, with his cheerful, normal grin. "Melody, you old ass, you left the door open so I—" the words died in his throat because he found himself looking at a small blue-black weapon in Dirk Barrington's hand. Barrington was suave, smiling—beyond him was the open wall safe, and Melody.

"Two of you!" said Dirk Barrington in a tone of patient exasperation, like an uncle who has been tried too far. "Get over by the girl." Bill obeyed, because he saw no alternative. Melody, in whom hope had surged, saw no alternative either. In fact, the position seemed worse, because Bill was large and husky, and couldn't be tied up to a chair unless Mr. Barrington put the gun down. And if he put the gun down—

"Checkmate, I think," Bill observed coolly. "You can stand there with your little gun until someone comes, or you can put it down and try to tie me up, too." His heart was in his boots because it was all too plain that the thief had no other course open to him than to shoot them both. He glanced at Melody, and knew she'd seen it, too. The girl's eyes were bulging like marbles.

"If you move," said Mr. Barrington, "I shall shoot Melody—not to kill, but I shall do some damage. You wouldn't want her hurt?"

Then he screamed because a heavy weight dropped on his head, and a number of red-hot wires dug into his face. It was only Totty, performing her best act of love, and then striving to keep her balance as he staggered. Bill leapt, too, and because he was not impeded by a weight of loving cat, he was soon seated on the gunman's back whilst Mr. Barrington's face made close acquaintance with the carpet.

When the police had gone Melody said: "Bill—I think you're wonderful!"

He took her in his arms and kissed her. She put her arms round his neck and gave him kiss for kiss in return. "From now on," he said masterfully, "we are engaged—officially. Francesca and the Great Lover will have to lump it."

"So they will," Melody agreed with wonder. "Now that we've realised we are grown up they'll have to."

Bill held her closely. He said in a rather shaken voice: "If Totty hadn't jumped when she did, one or both of us might have been dead."

"Francesca'll have to let her stay now. She saved everything. And the funny thing is, she wouldn't have, if she hadn't fallen in love with him. She only jumps on the heads of people she adores. She fell for him hook, line, and sinker. Queer." She gave him an upwards glance, rather shamefacedly. "I did a bit, too."

Bill rested his chin in her silky hair. "No accounting for women," he said complacently.

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of those beeches near the lodge were out of this world. Mrs. Druce came out of the lodge to open the gates, and as I drove in I could see Priscilla schooling that rather pretty little grey of hers—you know the one. She did very well with it this summer, by the way.

"Splendid!" "G. Paul wrinkled his forehead as though he was trying to remember something that was very hard to remember. "Well," he said in the same flat voice, "I looked at it all and looked at the house as the car came up the drive, and I remember thinking that it was very beautiful, and that I didn't care a hoot about any of it. I know I felt that, because it gave me confidence.

Continuing . . . The Bars of the Cage

(from page 5)

You see, I'd been afraid that when I saw it all, I should find that it really did matter. But it didn't. It was a most curious feeling. Most triumphant and—and free somehow."

"His voice died away, and he sat for a while quite silent. Then he gave a sort of grunt and went on, "I went in, and after a bit Jinny came in. You know, she can still look very pretty can Jinny, and she was wearing a frock that I'd bought her in Paris a couple of months before. She started in right away, and told me that some people were coming in for cocktails, and that I'd better get changed, and that

anyhow she had had a row with the architects over the new flat we were building for the children, and I'd better do something about it.

"In fact, she could hardly have given me a better chance. I looked at the frock and remembered what it had cost, and I saw the way she looked at me and spoke to me, and I thought of the people coming in and the architects, and I just told her bluntly that we were going bust, as I'd said I would."

"He paused and shook his

head. "Well," he said quietly. "I was quite wrong about the way she'd take it. You warned me that she mightn't squeal, but somehow it never seemed really possible to me that she wouldn't. But she didn't. She just listened quietly, and then she asked me a few questions.

"And then she got up suddenly and came over and put her arms round my neck and said, "Darling, what a shame. But what on earth does it matter?" I pushed her away and looked at her, and I knew from her face that she wasn't just acting. She meant it, all right—at that moment, anyhow. G. Paul looked away. After a minute, he muttered, "I know her face well, of course."

"I said, 'It's an interesting face.' It seemed the moment for me to say something.

"Yes," said G. Paul. "Well, as I say, I hadn't reckoned on that, and for a while I didn't see what to do about it. I said something about it being no fun for her, and that she'd hate it. And then she began to laugh. I had meant to laugh myself. I told you I should. But I reckoned on laughing at her, not with her. We stood there and laughed for quite a while, and then we told each other about it."

"He hesitated. "According to what she said—and I don't suppose I shall ever know how much truth was in it—what had been wrong with Jinny for long enough was that she was fed up with—with our way of life. She was as sure she'd been putting up with the whole thing for my benefit as I was that I'd put up with it for hers. Which was a pretty queer thought."

"I said, 'Haven't either of you ever been to the cinema?"

"Cinema," said G. Paul vaguely. "Why cinema?"

"Misunderstanding through mutual self-sacrifice is about the most popular plot in the industry."

"Maybe it is. But anyhow, that was what she said. In fact, she said nearly all the things I'd been saying to myself and that I'd been saying to you. I remember one thing she said in particular, "We've built this cage round ourselves, and now the gate's opening, and we've got a chance to get out."

"G. Paul smiled to himself and shook his head. "Well, of course, that was what I'd been thinking; that I might be . . . freer if this happened. But I'd never thought of being free with Jinny. I'd thought that losing her was . . . what freedom cost. It knocked me endways when she said that."

"I started to say, 'I always felt that Jinny—' Then I saw G. Paul's face as he looked into the fire, and remembered that there must be another bit to come.

"When he started to speak, his voice had gone back to the queer flat sound. "There isn't much more. We got rid of the people who came in as quickly as we could, and had dinner together . . . just the family. We'd agreed not to say anything to the children for the moment, but every now and again I caught Jinny's eye, and we—we grinned."

"The children had just gone and we were settling down to talk it over when the telephone rang. It was a chap named Westerham, whom I hardly knew. But he'd heard that I was looking for this money, and he wanted to know details, and it appears that he'd always been interested in what we were doing on this site."

"G. Paul stopped and frowned at the fire for a while. "You know," he said bitterly,

"it's possible to talk yourself into a—sort of ecstasy where the most ridiculous things seem quite sensible. I really give you my word that it was on the tip of my tongue just to tell this chap Westerham to go to blazes and never even mention to Jinny that he'd rung up. But luckily, I realised in time what I was doing."

"Of course, Jinny meant what she said, but she wouldn't really have been able to stick it. Not and be happy. It's too long since she's been used to doing without things. It was just a nice romantic idea, but it would have been different if she'd really had to try it. After I talked to Westerham I went back and told her that—that I thought we might be able to save the situation after all. I remember well going in to tell her. I don't know what I expected her to say or do, but anyhow, for quite a few seconds, she just stood and looked at me."

"It's a very strange face, Jinny's. And then she just said, "Darling," and burst into tears, and I knew I'd done the right thing. Not that there was really any question. People don't go round ruining themselves on purpose."

"No," I said, "not on purpose."

"G. Paul sighed. "So there you are," he said, "it's all straightened up. I had to take Westerham on the board, but he's been very useful. I thought you might just like to know what happened."

"I said, 'Well, I'm very glad it turned out so well, G. Paul."

"Yes," he said dully, "it was a bit of luck. At the eleventh hour, too. Odd business. But then I always have been lucky over things like that. You must come down soon. Try and make it next weekend. A whole bunch of people are coming!"

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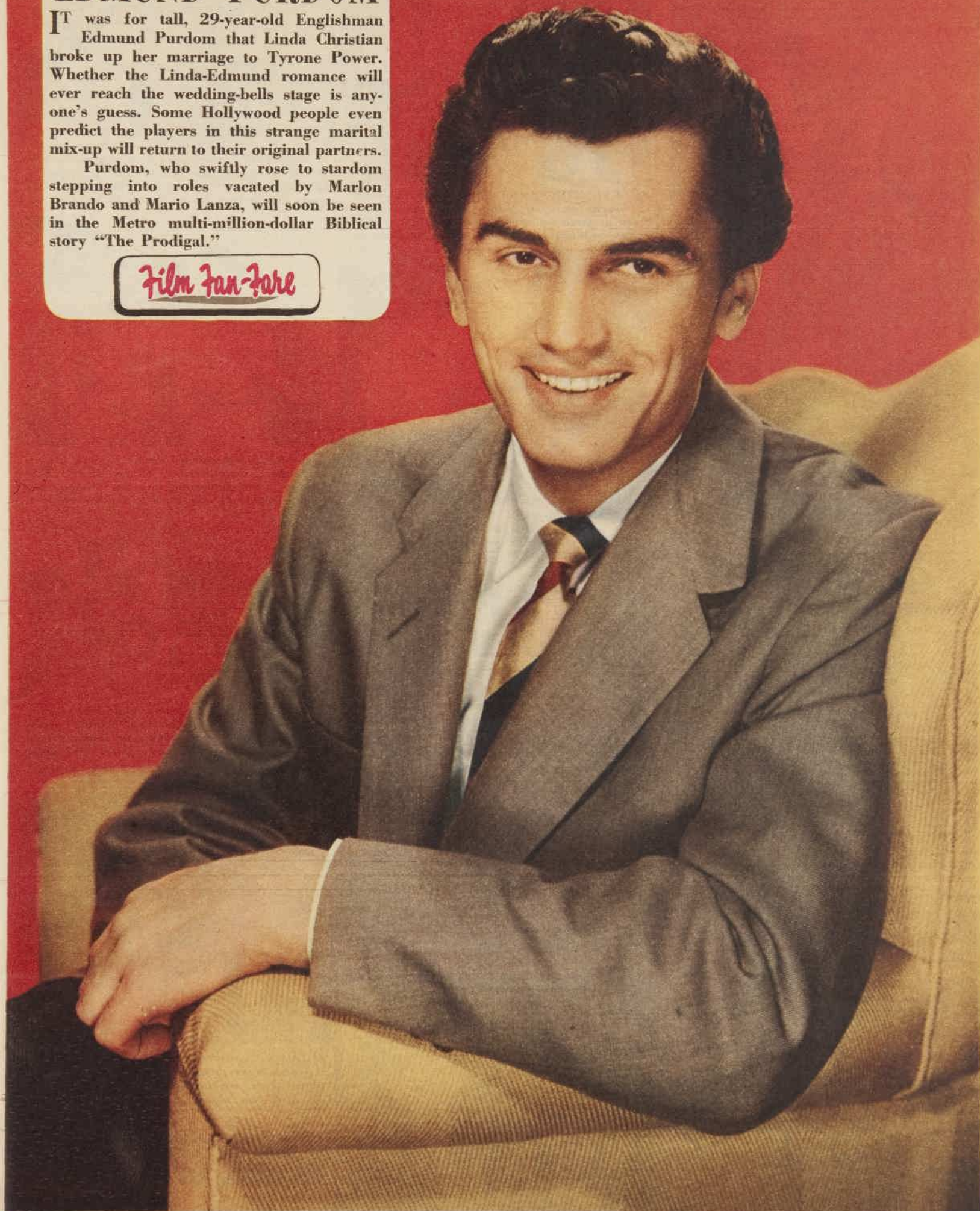


EDMUND PURDOM

IT was for tall, 29-year-old Englishman Edmund Purdom that Linda Christian broke up her marriage to Tyrone Power. Whether the Linda-Edmund romance will ever reach the wedding-bells stage is anyone's guess. Some Hollywood people even predict the players in this strange marital mix-up will return to their original partners.

Purdom, who swiftly rose to stardom stepping into roles vacated by Marlon Brando and Mario Lanza, will soon be seen in the Metro multi-million-dollar Biblical story "The Prodigal."

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1 WYOMING scout Adam Reed (Calhoun) learns from an Indian friend that war has been declared on newly encamped U.S. soldiers, whose ruthless leader they call "The Butcher."



3 DESPITE warning, Ives orders building to go on, as two prospectors, the unharmed one claiming an Indian attack, struggle into camp. In reality, he killed his partner for gold.

THE YELLOW TOMAHAWK

★ Filmed in former Indian territory in the high plateau regions of the State of Utah, the Koch-Schenck production "The Yellow Tomahawk," released through United Artists, tells of the escape of a band of pioneers from a tribe of marauding Indians.

Outdoor specialist Rory Calhoun and Peggie Castle (fresh from two Mickey Spillane thrillers) are the stars. Noah Beery, son of the screen's best-loved villain, Noah Beery, sen., and nephew of the late Wallace Beery, plays a comedy role as the genial Mexican adventurer Tonio.



2 MEETING Katherine (Castle), Adam is told she is visiting fiancé at camp. He rides to warn "Butcher" Ives against violating Army treaty with Indians by continuing to build a fort.



4 ASSUMING threatened attack to have begun, Tonio (Noah Beery), Honey Bear (Rita Moreno), and Katherine, who has broken with fiancé, prepare to take word to the nearest fort.



5 INDIANS attack the camp while Ives is away getting hidden ammunition, killing everyone in sight. To save Adam, his Indian friend knocks him out so warriors think him dead.



6 LEADING survivors and Ives (Warner Anderson) from danger, Adam finds Katherine, whose party was forced back. On way to nearest fort, the murdering prospector is killed.

7 REFUSING to hand over Ives as hostage for safe passage, Adam brings him to Fort Ellis to answer to his military superiors for his responsibility for the needless slaughter.

Talking of Films

★ Apache

ALTHOUGH its locale is the Apache territory of pioneer America, there is a striking similarity in secondary theme between the Hecht-Lancaster United Artists release "Apache" and the Australian-made "Jedda."

In both a tribal rebel abducts a woman (in this case the drunken chief's daughter, played by Jean Peters), drags her deeper and deeper into wild country, mistreats her, and occasionally throws her a bone.

Co-producer Burt Lancaster is the Apache Indian who, after the rest of his tribe have surrendered to the U.S. Army, continues a doomed, one-man fight against the white man.

There is the same lapping at streams of water, the same long, bleeding scramble over rising rock formations, and the same relentless pursuit by the forces of law and order.

"Apache's" great weakness is that it does not end as "Jedda" does. Inexcusably, it plays ducks and drakes with the dedicated, strong-headed character built up by Lancaster as the warrior who prefers death to dishonor, and indulges in an ending whose only virtue can be that it—perhaps—sends some of the audience home happy.

Apart from this regrettable departure from the expected high standard of the co-producers, there is some excellent use made of the color cameras, especially in the early sequences, and the supporting players are all able actors.

In Sydney—Plaza.

★ Captain Lightfoot

FANS of the light period romance have been generously catered for in Universal's "Captain Lightfoot."

There is Rock Hudson in costume as the dashing early 18th-century Irish rebel, plus galloping horses by moonlight, romantic stone castles, a grand ballroom scene, ladies in décolleté dresses, and lots of green Irish turf and white-washed cottages for wide-screen in technicolor.

The film is perhaps not a very serious attempt to reconstruct the historical movement for the overthrow of British rule, but nonetheless it will please those who look first for action, color, and a dash of the comic.

They will be especially pleased with the scene where Rock Hudson, village boy turned society fop, places across his knee Barbara Rush (all pertness and pouts) and firmly spansk her.

Similar light moments are supplied by an old-style bare-knuckle fight, Rock's first outfitting by a society tailor, and his first lesson in dancing.

As the rebel leader Captain Thunderbolt, Jeff Morrow brings to the film an authority and ease of manner matched only by Kathleen Ryan as Lady Ann, hostess of the gaming-rooms from which the rebel cause draws its chief source of income—out of the pockets of English officers.

In Sydney—State.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent

★★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

★ Bedevilled

THE fact that it was shot in color in Paris and provides a Cook's tour of Napoleon's tomb among other interesting glimpses of that fascinating city is not enough to save M.G.M.'s "Bedevilled" from essential mediocrity.

Steve Forrest, a young American about to begin his training as a priest, comes to the rescue of a seedy compatriot night-club singer (Anne Baxter), who is being pursued by Parisian mobsters—unaccountably—for the greater part of the film.

Despite a lot of jumping in and out of taxis, no real tension is established. Instead, one finds oneself wondering what has become of one or two of the minor characters whom the film infuriatingly fails to develop.

Watching Forrest starts another train of thought about the unattractiveness of the current crop of Hollywood leading men. In Forrest's case must be added the questionable distinction of being one of the most untidy men on the screen.

Someone with a more exciting quality than Anne Baxter was needed to bring out the highlights and lowlights of the fuzzily drawn cabaret singer.

The one member of the cast who makes a decisive and crystal-clear statement is elegant and poised French actress Simone Renant, who is everything that one feels the head of a Paris fashion house should be.

In Sydney—St. James.

★ I, The Jury

IF notable for no other reason, Mickey Spillane's "I, the Jury," as brought to the screen by United Artists, has the advantage of a star with a name specially created for the role.

He is Biff Elliott, latest of Hollywood's hoodlum-heroes, who speaks with so heavy a Bronx accent as to be at times unintelligible.

It may be said in the favor of this frightening young man that he, too, at times, seems to find unintelligible some of Mr. Spillane's nastier inferences.

Moronic pre-occupation with violence and sex plus the unlikely casting of Peggie Castle as a successful psychiatrist cancel out the film's unexpectedly good points of some imaginative photography and a striving after style.

The story concerns the efforts of Biff, a New York private investigator, to track down the murderer of a former policeman friend.

In Sydney—Palace.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★ "Prince of Players," biographical drama, CinemaScope Delux color, starring Richard Burton, Maggie McNamara, John Derek. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "The Colditz Story," P.O.W. escape drama, starring Eric Portman, John Mills. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "The Belles of St. Trinian's," comedy, starring Alastair Sim, Joyce Grenfell, George Cole. Plus "Conflict of Wings," Eastmancolor drama, starring John Gregson, Muriel Pavlow, Kieron Moore.

LIBERTY.—★ "The Last Time I Saw Paris," technicolor drama in Metrocolor, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson, Donna Reed. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★★ "Jedda," Gevacolor Australian drama, starring Ngarla Kunoth, Robert Tudawali. Plus ★ "Mission Over Korea," war drama, starring John Hodiak, John Derek.

MAYFAIR.—★★★ "Carmen Jones," CinemaScope color Negro musical drama, starring Dorothy Dandridge, Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★ "I, the Jury," thriller, starring Biff Elliott, Preston Foster, Peggie Castle. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Donovan's Brain," thriller, starring Lew Ayres, Gene Evans, Nancy Davis, Steve Brodie.

PLAZA.—★ "Apache," technicolor Western, starring Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters, John McIntyre. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Diamond," mystery, starring Dennis O'Keefe, Phillip Friend, Margaret Sheridan.

REGENT.—★ "Black Widow," suspense drama in color and CinemaScope, starring Ginger Rogers, Van Heflin, Gene Tierney, George Raft. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "Wages of Fear," drama, French and English dialogue with English sub-titles, starring Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Vera Clouzot. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Bedevilled," Eastmancolor CinemaScope drama, starring Anne Baxter, Steve Forrest. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★ "Captain Lightfoot," technicolor CinemaScope romantic adventure, starring Rock Hudson, Barbara Rush, Jeff Morrow, Kathleen Ryan, Finlay Currie. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Naked Alibi," drama, starring Sterling Hayden, Gloria Grahame.

VICTORY.—★ "Six Bridges to Cross," drama, starring Tony Curtis, Julia Adams, George Nader. Plus ★ "Smoke Signal," technicolor outdoor adventure, starring Dana Andrews, Piper Laurie, Rex Reason.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"West of Zanzibar," technicolor African adventure, starring Anthony Steel, Sheila Sim. Plus "Steel Key," mystery, starring Terence Morgan, Joan Rice.

LYRIC.—"The Charade," drama, starring James Mason, Pamela Mason. Plus "The Sundowners," technicolor Western, starring John Barrymore, jun., Robert Preston. (Re-release.)

PARIS.—"The Bod" ("Le Lit"), French and English dialogue omnibus film, starring Richard Todd, Martine Carol, Vittorio de Sica, Dawn Addams. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—"The Seven Little Foys," technicolor VistaVision musical, starring Bob Hope, Milly Vitale. Plus featurettes.

Studio News

FROM LONDON and HOLLYWOOD

MOST of the rumors of reconciliation between Tyrone Power and Linda Christian have their source in Linda herself. They are having long talks on the phone between London and Bilbao, Spain, where Linda is making the British film "Thunderstorm."

Tyrone is here with their two children, "Because I thought it would be a grand place for the kiddies to see." Then he admitted, "It's possible the four of us may get together for a while if Linda can find a break from her work." They were divorced five weeks ago.

ACTORS as well as beautiful women enjoy the prerogative of changing their minds. James Mason is the latest proof of this, when the other day he announced that he would appear in the film "Forever, Darling." Earlier this year he had said he would make no more films—unless they were for his own company. Mason isn't backing "Forever, Darling," but it's a slapstick comedy in which he

will play opposite husband-and-wife team Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz—something very, very new for heavily dramatic Mason.

JOHN BARRYMORE, junior, son of the "Great Profile," might get a chance to carry on the family acting tradition after all. After unimportant parts in a number of undistinguished Westerns, he is now playing a starring role in "News Is Made at Night."

AFTER he has spent weeks letting his beard grow in preparation for his role in the big musical "Kismet," the studio told Howard Keel to shave it off again—it didn't look sufficiently realistic.



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Working Wives



Mrs. J. Baker, of 22 Lane Cove Road, Ryde, N.S.W., a secretary before her marriage, has two children, Denise, aged 10, and Marilyn, aged 8. She has now gone back to work to save enough money to give them a university education.

ACCENT ON HANDS IN MANY JOBS

Good housewife, Mrs. Baker, interviewed at her desk yesterday, says: "Any housewife can manage a job as well—and there are lots offering. But just remember this! Rough, washday hands have no place in the business world. How do I do my washing and still keep my hands well groomed? I use Persil, as you can tell by the snowy, Persil-white blouse I'm wearing. I advise all working wives to use Persil, too. Its gentle suds get the clothes a wonderful colour and keep your hands soft and smooth as well."

P.120.WW42g

Continuing . . .

Good Morning, Miss Dove

from page 9

incredible degree around his own heroism. Afterward, as was duly noted, his classroom attitude was subdued and chastened.

Miss Dove had no rule relating to prevarication. A child's word was taken at face value. If it happened to be false—well, that was the child's problem. A lie, unattacked and undistorted by defence, remained a lie and was apt to be recognised as such by its author.

Occasionally a group of progressive mothers would contemplate organised revolt. "She's been teaching too long," they could cry. "Her pedagogy hasn't changed since we were in Cedar Grove. She rules the children through fear!" They would turn to the boldest one among themselves. "You go," they would say, "You go and talk to her!"

The bold one would go, but somehow she never did much talking. For there in the geography room she would begin to feel—though she wore her handsomest tweeds and perhaps a gardenia for courage—that she was about ten years old, and her petticoat was showing. Her throat would tickle. She would wonder desperately if she had a clean handkerchief in her bag. She would also feel thirsty. Without firing a shot in the cause of freedom she would retreat ingloriously from the field of battle.

And on that unassaulted field—in that room where no leeway was given to the personality, where a thing was black or white, right or wrong, polite or rude, simply because Miss Dove said it was, there was a curiously soothing quality. The children left it refreshed and restored, ready for fray or frolic. For within its walls they enjoyed what was allowed them nowhere else—a complete suspension of will.

On this particular Wednesday the first-graders, to whom Miss Dove gave a survey course in the flora and fauna of the earth, drew pictures of robins. They drew them in crayon on eight-by-eleven sheets of manila paper. They did not draw them from memory. They copied the bird Miss Dove had drawn for them on the blackboard. (She knew exactly how a robin looked and saw no sense in permitting her pupils to rely upon their own random observations.) They left an inch-wide margin, measuring it with a ruler, around each picture. (Miss Dove believed in margins—except for error!)

She divided the second-grade into activity groups. One group cut scenic photographs from old magazines and pasted them in a scrapbook. Another modelled clay caribou for the sand table. Still another drew a colored mural on the rear blackboard. The groups did not talk among themselves, asking questions. They had no need to. Miss Dove had told them what to do.

The third-grade recited the States of the Union. It was Miss Dove's experience that the eight-year-old mind learned best by rote.

At a quarter-past eleven the fourth-grade filed in. This grade was studying economic geography—the natural resources of different regions and their manifold uses in civilised life—and on Monday was to take a proficiency test prepared by the State Board of Education.

Each year in April all grammar-grade students—students in the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades—were so examined. Regarding these tests, Miss Dove's sentiments were mixed. She resented them as an intrusion upon her privacy and as an implication that her efficiency was open to question. But she

recognised in them, grudgingly, a certain practice value to the children.

For in every life—once if not oftener—there was a proficiency test. A time came when one was put to the proof. One stood alone. He was what he was. He knew what he knew. He did what he could. And he had no source of strength outside himself. Certainly, such a time had come to Miss Dove.

And on a plane more human than sublime, Miss Dove's vanity had always been flattered by the results of the test. Cedar Grove led the State in geography.

"You may utilise this period for review, children," she said. "Open your books to page ninety-three. Memorise the agricultural products of the Argentine pampas."

At that moment Miss Dove was first aware of a pain in her back. The pain was small in area, but it was acute. It thrust like a knife into her spine. It was so intense, so unfamiliar, and so unexpected that she hardly believed in it. It descended along her right thigh. Miss Dove counted ten. The pain was easier. It was gone. It had been only a threat.

Tension, she thought. Anxiety about the proficiency tests. She was displeased with herself. She despised women

The art teacher, for instance, was a full-blown, husky girl who had been a college hockey star as well as an art teacher. She made a flying leap and reached the door ahead of her class. "Clean your paint brushes!" she yelled. "Police up your desks!" The music teacher began to play the piano. "Softly, softly!" she begged in her sweet, tinkly voice. "Trippingly on our toes! Let's all be elves and fairies!"

The literature teacher was not sorry to be interrupted; she had been reading aloud from "Hiawatha," a work she considered unworthy of her critical talents. She shrugged, not caring what the children did so long as they went away, and began a letter to her fiancé.

But in the geography room there was no disorder. Forty-three children sat quietly in their places. They did not look up. Their posture was superb. Their brows were puckered in thought as they read on of wheat and beef and leather. From this room they were not to be distracted or called by mechanical noises. Here they acknowledged one sole authority, which, in due time, would speak.

"Attention, please," said



"This will give you some idea of how it will look on you, Madam."

who had backaches. I must tranquillise my mind, she told herself. I will think of the Alps. White. Clean. Lofty. Rising above Lake Lucerne. The lake is blue; it reflects the evening star. She concentrated her thoughts upon mountains and water that she had never seen. And after a while she was sure she had imagined that stab of agony in her spine.

She slipped a rubber band from a sheaf of fifth-grade essay papers. She took a red pencil and began to correct them. But part of her mind stayed with the class that was present. She knew, for instance, when Vicky Evans, who was disposed to day-dreams, tired of her book and started gazing out the window. "Come back, Victoria," she said.

She heard when David Burnham sighed and muttered something exceedingly improper under his breath. "Hell and damn," David said.

"You will remain after class, David," Miss Dove said without glancing up.

"Yes, Miss Dove," said David.

At noon an electric buzzer, operated from a switch in the principal's office, shrilled through Cedar Grove School. It was the signal for lunch and "big recess." In almost every room children slammed their books shut, shuffled their feet, sloshed their paint water, and made a mass lunge toward food and freedom. Different teachers reacted according to their different temperaments.

Miss Dove in the serene voice of one who expects to be obeyed.

Forty-three children folded their hands on their desks and raised limpid eyes to her face.

"Close your books, please," said Miss Dove.

Forty-three books were closed, not slammed, in the respectful manner due to books.

"The class will rise," said Miss Dove.

The class rose. So did its teacher. The pain returned. It nibbled at a vertebra like some small rodent with sharp, burrowing teeth.

Miss Dove continued standing there on her raised platform as she did at the end of every class period. To sit down would be to show weakness. And no teacher, Miss Dove was convinced, could afford to show weakness if she wished her pupils to show strength.

"The class is dismissed," said Miss Dove.

Forty-two children, one by one—without scrambling or pushing—filed out into the hall. David Burnham remained standing in the aisle.

For an instant Miss Dove was tempted to let David go with the others—to excuse him with a reprimand or, at least, to defer his punishment until the next day. If she could rest during the whole lunch hour, sitting perfectly still, and even (though the notion was unorthodox) putting her head

down upon her desk— But no. David's character was in her keeping.

Miss Dove understood, quite as well as David's parents did, the child's motivation. (She had taught other ministers' sons.) But unlike them she did not care whether David loved or hated her. She cared only that he conform to the rules.

She had pondered the new psychology which held that in the depths of human nature lay wild-animal instincts of greed, anger, idleness, and discourtesy. She could credit that theory. She had no rosy concept of human nature. But what did the theory prove? The thing that distinguished a man from a brute—a gentleman from a savage—was not instinct but performance.

David knew she had heard his naughty oath. He had meant her to hear it. In vulgar parlance, he had "asked for it" and he had a right to "get it."

Miss Dove looked at David. Her gaze was not contemptuous. Not impressed. She saw no hero in the aisle and no monster, either. She saw a nine-year-old boy who had gone a little further than he now wished he had.

And what did David see as he looked at Miss Dove? How did any of Miss Dove's pupils, past or present, see her? Off hand, that would seem an easy question. There was nothing elusive about Miss Dove's appearance and it had, moreover, remained much the same for more than thirty-five years.

When she had begun to teach geography her figure had been spare and angular, and it was still so. Her hair was more shadowy than it had once been, but, twisted into a meagre little old-maid's knot, it had never had a chance to show much color. Her thin, unpainted mouth bore no sign of those universal emotions—humor, for instance, and love and uncertainty—that mark most mouths in the course of time. Her pale, bleached-out complexion never flushed with emotion—a slight pinkness at the tip of her pointed nose was the only visible indication that ordinary human blood ran through his veins.

She wore round-toed black shoes with low, rubber-tapped heels that did not clatter when she walked. Her dress, of some dull-surfaced dark material, was close cousin to the one in which she had made her pedagogical debut: it had the same long sleeves, the same high neck, and the same white linen handkerchief (or one very like) fluted into a fan and pinned to its left bosom.

The handkerchief was not for use—Miss Dove did not cough or sneeze in public—nor was it for ornament. It was a caution to its owner's pupils that it behoved each of them to possess a clean handkerchief, too.

All in all, in bearing and clothing and bony structure, Miss Dove suggested that classic portrait of the eternal teacher that small fry, generation after generation, draw upon fences and sidewalks with scraps of purloined chalk: a grown-up stranger, catching his first glimpse of her, might be inclined to laugh with a kind of relief, as if he'd seen some old haunting ogress of his childhood turned into a harmless joke. And then Miss Dove would look at him and all the comedy would ebb from his mind.

Her large eyes were shrewd and unillusioned, and when one stood exposed to their scrutiny feeling uncomfortably that they penetrated veil upon veil

To page 39

of one's private life and perceived, without astonishment, many hidden—and often unlovely—truths in the deep recesses of one's nature, it was impossible to see anything about Miss Dove as ridiculous. Even the elevated position of her desk—a position deplored by modern educators who seek to introduce equality into the teacher-student relation—was right and proper. The dais of aloof authority suited her as a little hill near Ratisbon suited Napoleon Bonaparte.

But there was more to Miss Dove. There was something that defies analysis. She had an extra quality as compelling as personal charm (which she did not have and would have scorned to cultivate) that captured the imagination. She gave off a sort of effulgence of awe and terror. But the terror did not paralyze. It was terror that caused children to flex their moral muscles, and to dream of enduring, without a whimper, prolonged ordeals of privation and fatigue.

The little ones, the six-year-olds, whose geographical primer was entitled, "At Home with Birds and Beasts," often pictured Miss Dove in the guise of some magnificent creature, furred or feathered. She was a huge black grizzly reared on its hind legs to block a mountain pass; she was a camel—bigger than other camels—leading a caravan across the desert; she was a Golden Eagle on a crag in Scotland.

Later, when they had progressed to the intellectual sophistication of the fourth, the fifth, or the sixth and final grade of Cedar Grove School they were likely to cast her in the image of symbol. (One fanciful child had likened her to the Pharos watching little skiffs in the harbor of Alexandria.) But David Burnham was not fanciful; he was scared. Had he been pressed, at the moment, to describe Miss Dove, he would have said: "She looks like a teacher."

Miss Dove would have been gratified. A teacher was what she was and what she wished to be.

Continuing . . . Good Morning, Miss Dove

from page 38

She had been under twenty when she had begun to teach—a reserved, hesitant girl whose deep romantic impulses had not yet caught fire. A girl who had felt calamity in one swift blow before she had felt more than a tentative "fluttering up toward joy." She had embraced her profession with the singleness of purpose that she might, under other circumstances, have bestowed upon matrimony, or foreign travel, or painting.

Miss Dove's first youth had been a small-town American idyll. She was the eldest of three daughters in the first family of Liberty Hill. Her father, Alphonzo, was president of the bank—a witty, bookish man, more amiable than provident. Her mother was a fragile woman who smelled of violets and had the kind of gentle beauty that "trembles over children sleeping." Her two little sisters were like their mother. Miss Dove was like herself.

Though she was not so pretty as her mother and sisters, she was not entirely without a claim to vanity. Her figure was too spare for fashion, her expression too self-contained, but her carriage was superb, and she had a cloud of soft, blowy hair, the color of sunshine sifting through pale brown leaves. She wore it gathered back, tied with a schoolgirl ribbon, long after she was old enough to pin it up.

The whole family admired her, but it was her father who—having enjoyed the advantages of travel and being, in a dilettante way, a connoisseur of human nature—perceived most clearly the special quality of his daughter. It was a quality that should not be tampered with. It was like the delicate glaze that distinguishes fine porcelain from ordinary ware.

Accordingly, he assumed responsibility for her early education. He taught her languages and the geography of the earth, ancient and modern.

He introduced her to the kind of rare travel books which he collected at great expense. He read the poets with her.

He taught her to play chess and to dance and to ride (there was no girl in town who could sit a horse the way Miss Dove could), and he taught her to think well of herself. Above all, Mr. Dove delighted in expounding those sentiments of lofty principle and honor that he truly worshipped (though sometimes from afar!) and that his first-born child understood so well.

WHEN she was eighteen she was sent off to school for a year of finishing. The school was a good one, built of grey stone turreted like a castle and set among spacious lawns overlooking a river. Once a week there was a party to which select young gentlemen were invited. At one of those functions, Miss Dove met a Princeton graduate student who was interested in archaeology.

He was taken with her and she, within ladylike bounds, with him. She allowed him to call upon her. They sat on a marble bench under a willow tree reading "The Last Days of Pompeii."

In 1916, the summer she was nineteen, the "came out." She was presented to the simple, old-fashioned society of Liberty

Hill in a simple, old-fashioned way. Her mother gave a tea to which the settled ladies of the town were invited. In a white dress—a charming dress of imported muslin and lace insertion—and with her hair still down, Miss Dove stood in the parlor and was introduced, in a new role, to her mother's friends. She was no longer a child with a child's privileges and limitations. She was a young lady, a social entity in her own right. She was the grown-up daughter of the house.

No, she was not pretty. She was still far too thin. Her nose was too pointed. Her eyes were too large for her face. But she had a look of elegance. Her floating hair, like autumn water, caught the light. And she had another look—a young girl's "threshold look"—that could pierce the heart. She was poised, motionless for a moment in time, waiting for a sign from life.

Any time now, a poet might have said (if indeed there had been a poet in that parlor), some inner leaven might begin to work in Miss Dove, the miraculous bloom and sheen of a girl's full springtime might flow through and over her, and she might become anything at all. Whatever she did become was certain to be remarkable.

That evening her mother re-

tired early. Miss Dove sat on in the parlor with her father. He had just received from his London book-dealer an exceedingly fine edition of Marco Polo's "Travels." He took it to a table under a lamp. Miss Dove went to the piano. She began to play a Viennese waltz that her father liked. The room was full of roses and through the open window came the honey-rich scent of leaves and new-cut grass. Life seemed to stretch ahead in a succession of summer days. It would bear her smoothly, decorously, like the music of the waltz, to farther and farther realms of felicity. To balls, to horse-shows, to foreign cities. To—love?

In the bosom of her dress she had stuck a letter from the young archaeologist. In it he asked leave to visit her in Liberty Hill. "Perhaps," he wrote, "our friendship begun under such happy auspices will ripen into something warmer."

And then something—a deepening quiet in the room behind her or the sound of a barely audible sigh—made her whirl around on the piano stool. Her father was slumped forward. His cheek rested upon his open book, on a page describing the great wall of China. One arm lay flung out on the table, palm up, as if in a gesture of apology. Without a cry of farewell he had embarked upon the most mysterious journey that the soul of man can undertake.

Miss Dove did not take to her bed with a bromide as her dainty mother did, or weep, like her little sisters, in the arms of every matronly caller. Her grief was a walking paralysis. Yet she could have borne that grief. She could have borne, as well, her unexpected poverty (Mr. Dove had left his family only an annuity from a small trust fund), but there was a worse thing to bear. He had not left them a good name. Mr. Alphonzo Dove had lifted money from the bank.

Mr. Porter, her father's successor at the bank, told Miss

Dove that on the evening after the funeral. He was obliged to tell someone in the family. He chose the eldest daughter whose numb composure he mistook for phlegm.

Miss Dove was sitting with him in the parlor when he told her.

"Your father," said Mr. Porter, phrasing the matter delicately, "borrowed money without first observing the conventional forms."

Miss Dove's world began to whirl round and round, spinning itself into a dark, narrowing funnel.

"He stole?" she said.

Mr. Porter was shocked by the brutal word. Was the girl a monster? "Your father was my friend," he said.

"How much did he steal?" asked Miss Dove.

"He borrowed four or five thousand," Mr. Porter said. "In dribbles here and there. No more than he could have hoped to return."

"Oh," said Miss Dove. To a pampered girl who had never had a defined allowance, the sum was astronomical.

"I want to manage this discreetly," Mr. Porter told her. "But I'm responsible to our depositors."

Miss Dove said nothing.

"Of course," he said, "the banking business is Caesar's wife." His glance, casual but appraising, went over the parlor. It touched the books behind the thirteen octagonal panes of the old highboy. "A valuable library," he said. It skimmed the wide floorboards that showed at the edge of the French rug. "A solid house," he said.

Miss Dove nodded. "A house built on sand," her heart whispered.

After Mr. Porter had gone she stood staring at the travel books. They seemed to mock her. It was for them that her father had ruined her life. She lay down, inert and hopeless, upon the horsehair sofa. She closed her eyes.

It was broad day when she

To page 40



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Continuing

Good Morning, Miss Dove

from page 39

opened them again. Slivers of sun slid between the closed slats of the blinds, and were filtered through the Brussels lace curtains, and in Miss Dove's mind was the calm clarity of morning. A plan as clear and detailed as a well-drawn map unfolded before her. And that plan—that map of destiny—was illumined by a hard but happy truth. Nobody, not even her adored father, could ruin her life. Only she could do that. And she did not intend to.

She arose, bathed and dressed. Some impulse made her take abundant hair in her two hands and twist it, so tightly that the skin was strained at her temples, into a knot. She walked downtown. When Mr. Porter arrived at his office he found her waiting for him. She looked so small and young in her mourning dress—so like a half-fledged blackbird—that she made his throat ache.

"Mr. Porter," she said, "I shall pay my father's debt." She looked directly at him, as if defying him to contradict her. "All I ask is time."

"My dear child—" said Mr. Porter. He took her gloved hand in his. Miss Dove withdrew it.

"We will keep the house and the books," she said. "I shall secure a teaching position."

"You would ornament any profession," Mr. Porter said. "But what are you prepared to teach?"

"I know a good deal about the world," she said.

Mr. Porter made a benevolent clucking noise with his teeth. "I can scarcely imagine a young lady who knows less," he said gallantly.

The young Miss Dove's nose pinkened at the tip. She did not enjoy being patronised. "About the earth," she said. "I have read my father's books. I shall teach geography."

The banker drummed his fingers. Though he was not a man who relished the prospect of turning widows and children into the cold, still he was far from rash with the stuff of commerce. But he saw something in the eyes of this redoubtable maiden that reassured him as to the safety of his money.

"Suppose I make you a personal loan," he suggested. "I can reimburse the bank immediately, before there's any scandal. You can reimburse me at your leisure. Without interest."

"I am not asking favors," said Miss Dove.

"We can call this a favor to your father," he said. "He did more than one for me." For an instant he fancied he saw a bright film—a little dew of filial affection, perhaps—glaze the eyes of Miss Dove.

"Thank you," she said. "I accept your offer."

"Your father's only fault," Mr. Porter said with a catch in his voice, "was optimism."

But some uncompromising accuracy within Miss Dove told her that she must recognise a fact for what it was. "He broke a rule," she said.

Mr. Porter escorted her to the door. He watched her thoughtfully as she walked away—back rigid, head high, glancing neither to the right nor the left. He went to the telephone and called the Superintendent of Schools.

THE banker's recommendation did Miss Dove's project no harm, of course, and then the times were in her favor. Liberty Hill had long been affably incurious as to the world beyond its environs, but by 1916 the war in Europe had begun to trouble its composure.

Vaguely, it felt that a vast portion of the earth that it had been wont to dismiss with the indifferent term "abroad" had become closer and more significant. It would be a splendid move—a modern, progressive move—thought the Superintendent of Schools, to secure a specialist in geography for the elementary grades. Besides, his wife was a third cousin to Mrs. Dove.

The rest of that summer, while generals mapped their strategies in France, Miss Dove mapped hers in her bed chamber. To represent a classroom she laid her father's chessboard—an exquisite board of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl—on a table by the north window. The squares were desks. The ivory men were children. For hours on end, moving them about the board, speaking to them in unequivocal terms, she did what might be called "practice teaching." To the last detail she planned her procedure.

The greeting to each class, as it entered the room ("Good Morning, Pawn," she said in a low, uninflected voice. "Good Morning, Castle. Good Morning, Knight."), the ceremony of its dismissal, the rules and penalties and forms were all settled upon.

The presentation of her subject matter was carefully considered. And just as carefully, she considered how to impart the new and terrible knowledge that had come to her—life was not easy. Life did not excuse mistakes. Life demanded all the disciplined courage and more, that one could bring to it.

So, as she talked to the little carved figures on the board, she introduced moral value into factual matter. By slight variations of tone, compressions of the lips, or nods of approval, she made it plain that to her certain forces of nature, beasts of the jungle, and formations of the land were more worthy than others. She was partial to the yak, which was "a useful animal"; she admired the domestic habits of bears and the cleanliness of cat creatures. Of ostriches who kicked, wolves who howled, monkeys who swung by their tails and chattered incessantly, she spoke with asperity. (The camel she gave his due. "He is not a pretty beast, either in looks or disposition," she told her class, "but he can go many days without water.")

She did not entirely approve of volcanoes: their action, she implied, was disruptive like the tantrum of a child. Rivers that overflowed their banks were rather silly. The grandeur of mountain ranges and the fertility of valleys she spoke of with respect. Her tone, when she described a plateau, was almost affectionate.

It was a game, of course—an absorbing game in which she forgot despair. But it was as serious as death—or life. It was the last game she ever played.

She had written the young archaeologist that her bereavement would prevent her receiving him. If he had disregarded her letter—if he had come post-haste to Liberty Hill, stomped up the stairs to the bedroom, stormed the fortress, scattered the chessmen, clasped the young preceptress in his arms and loosened her bound hair—well, who knows? But he wrote Miss Dove a beautiful letter of condolence and kept his distance. He was not a Lochinvar.

In September Miss Dove exchanged her chessmen for pupils of flesh and blood. As she stood on the dais in the geography room, wearing her black mourning dress, her white handkerchief, and her small, tight, lustreless bun of

To page 42

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—June 29, 1955

WINTER FASHIONS BY LONDON DESIGNERS

Here London designers interpret winter fashions with elegance, drama, and perfect tailoring. Brilliant color carries through from day into evening; so does snow-fall white. Fur trims are lavish and luxurious—and a pavement-length daytime stole, worn with a classic suit, is the smartest thing in the London season.



• Digby Morton's short-cut evening dress is made in geranium-red chiffon and worn with matching shoes. The dress bares one shoulder and has a soft, pretty skirt.



• Superbly tailored Michael suit (above) enlivened by an enormous turquoise velvet scarf worn twisted round the neck with the ends flowing behind. Note the new slant of the skull cap.



• Hartnell's fur-lined suit (left) has a fashionable three-quarter-length coat and is made in one of the season's loveliest blues. A high-necked lilac cashmere sweater completes the ensemble.



• Hartnell calls this ensemble (right) "White and Woolly for Winter." It is an exquisite slender-line wool lace dress worn under a matching beltless coat trimmed with white mink.

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HP86 122

Continuing . . . Good Morning, Miss Dove

from page 40

hair, she looked very pale. But her pallor was that of purpose. She knew exactly how to proceed.

She kept her father's name clear of obloquy. She repaid Mr. Porter's loan, though that took twenty years. She saw that her sisters were suitably educated. She supplied her mother, through a long period of failing health, with every possible comfort and care, and finally buried her with circumstance befitting a Dove of Liberty Hill.

In the accomplishment of these ends Miss Dove had denied herself much. She had ignored fashion. Hair styles came and went—the spit curls, the overblown ear-puffs, the boyish bob, the page-boy, and the pony-tail. Flesh-colored georgette blouses were all the rage, knee-high skirts, empire waists, the New Look—she scarcely noticed them.

She had dismissed her dreams of travel. She had renounced her youth. Persons of Mr. Porter's vintage who had seen her riding a blooded bay mare, or standing in white beside her mother, winced at their recollections.

But Miss Dove did not wince. Fortitude—that quality of which her dear, weak father had spoken so often and so admiringly—sustained her, and she discovered that responsibility was the native climate of her soul. She liked utilising her strength to its utmost limits. She liked making and keeping rules.

And just as a teacher with a genuine love for poetry will awaken that passion in her pupils, so Miss Dove imbued her charges with her philosophy. By her insistence upon even margins and correct posture and punctuality and industriousness, she told them, in effect, that though life was not easy, neither was it puzzling. You learned its unalterable laws. You respected them. You became equal to your task. Thus, you controlled your destiny.

Now, gazing at David Burnham, she realised that she had gazed at him long enough. His mouth was beginning to tremble. She wished to rein his spirit, not to break it. With her map-pointer she gestured to the sink. "Very well, David," she said.

David went to the sink. He tore off a piece of paper towel, rubbed it on the bar of yellow soap, and scoured his mouth. He returned to the aisle.

"You may be seated," Miss Dove said. "Open your notebook to a blank page, please."

Miss Dove walked to the blackboard. Each step cost her an effort. It was as if her right leg had forgotten how to move of itself and had to be consciously directed. She took a stick of chalk and wrote a sentence on the board in her neat, round, legible hand. The chalk did not squeak. Chalk under Miss Dove's command never squeaked. She held it properly.

"Nothing is achieved by swearing," Miss Dove's sentence read. "Twenty times."

Twenty times was exactly right; when David had finished, the cafeteria would still be open. The supply of choice items on the menu—hot dogs and eskimo pies—would be exhausted, but he could nourish himself upon such less popular dishes as fish-loaf and tapioca pudding. It was Miss Dove's observation that whereas the punishment of a boy's palate had a salutary effect upon his behaviour, the punishment of his stomach to the point of growling hunger often roused the brute in him.

She started back to her desk. She reached it just as pain gripped her in earnest. There was a crushing weight upon the lower part of her spine. A searing sensation flashed all the way down her right leg. A wave of giddiness swept over her.

She lowered herself into her chair. The pain lifted. But in its place was something more frightening than pain. In her leg, Miss Dove realised, there was no feeling at all. She pinched it to make sure. She tried to move it. It did not move.

For the first time since that evening in the shuttered parlor with Mr. Porter, panic seized her. She must do something. But what? She could send David for aid from other teachers but her heart sank as she imagined those women fluttering over her, exclaiming, witnessing the humiliation of her weakness. She wished, above all, to behave with circumspection and aplomb.

"David," she said. Her voice was hoarse.

David looked up from his penance. He saw Miss Dove's face pasty-white with anger, he presumed. He saw her hand gripping the map-pointer. He gulped. "Yes, Miss Dove," he said.

"Is your father likely to be at home?" she asked.

This was worse, thought David, infinitely worse than anything he'd feared. She meant not to beat him herself but to have his father do it, in her presence! He wished devoutly that he'd been content with a namby-pamby "heck" or "darn." He said nothing.

"Your father. Does he come home for lunch?" said Miss Dove.

Wildly David considered replying that his father had gone to New York or was in bed with pneumonia. But habit was strong. He told the truth.

"Yes, Miss Dove. Daddy's home," he said.

"I am indisposed, David," said Miss Dove. "I—Will you go and tell your father? Ask him to call young Dr. Hurley."

David could scarcely believe his luck. "Do I need a permission slip from the office?" he asked.

"No," said Miss Dove. "My permission is sufficient. Mention this to no one. And, David—" her tone came close to pleading, "do not loiter. Run!"

David ran. Miss Dove noticed, with objective surprise, that she was trembling. Then, as she had

before in times of transient trouble, she turned her mind to her work, which was eternal in character. She felt steady.

She stared critically at the second-grade's mural. It was a jaunty effort, covering half the blackboard. It showed an expanse of snow, a row of igloos, a man, a dog and a reindeer (all approximately equal in size) and, in the background, the northern lights spreading a fan of garish colors—purple, green, orange, and pink. Across the white field of snow—lest anyone entertain a doubt—was written in large red script: The Arctic. Reginald Smith had written that; Miss Dove knew his sprawling hand. Tomorrow she would call his attention to his error in spelling and have him write the word divided into syllables—"arc-tic"—three times in his notebook.

But suppose she were not here tomorrow? Suppose—the palms of her hands grew clammy—she were never here again. Rubbish! That was arrant nonsense. Except when the school itself had been closed because of blizzards or epidemics, or a burst boiler, she had always been here. She was not entirely proof against the ills of the flesh, but she managed to suffer them at convenient times. Miss Dove had her colds during the Christmas holidays. She had summer complaints in the summer.

THE pain had been mechanical, she decided. A kink in a muscle. A sudden movement of a joint held stiff too long. And the numbness? But why should numbness be alarming? Feet went to sleep and woke again. Soon young Dr. Hurley would arrive. He would prescribe a tonic and a heating pad. He would warn her, in the coarse, jesting way that she would accept from nobody else, that the ideal of perfectionism was repugnant to God and man—that she ought to kick up her heels, go on a three days' spree.

Dr. Hurley was seventy-two. It was to distinguish him from his doctor-father who had delivered her and had been dead now for a quarter-century that Miss Dove called him "young." In his actual youth he had been a radical—doubting the efficacy of the calomel purge and scoffing at the theory that the blood grew thick in winter—but, to the general astonishment, he had not killed his patients. And the years had mellowed him. Beneath his bluster he was, Miss Dove felt, a sound man. She trusted him.

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Dove!"

Lorraine Ellwood, the music teacher, stood in the doorway. She was a wispy blonde of thirty-four who had begun to fade without knowing it in the crumpled way of a doctored rosebud. She wore bangs and an Alice-blue dress.

She was fond of saying that she felt like a big sister to her

pupils, and although her devotion to them was sincere—Miss Dove granted her that—she could not control them because she lived on their level. She had, Miss Dove thought, more soul than sense.

"Mona Leckford's engagement is out of the bag," she chirped. "We're cutting a cake in her honor in the rest-room. Won't you join us?"

Miss Dove indicated the essay papers. "Thank you, Miss Ellwood," she said. (She remembered her colleague as an infant in a go-cart, but while on duty she did not use first names.) "Unfortunately, I am busy."

"All work and no play—" Lorraine began and let her voice trail off without finishing the proverb.

"Be so kind as to convey my felicitations to Miss Leckford," said Miss Dove.

"We'll miss you," said the music teacher as she turned away. Her little feet went down the hall, pitty-pat, like the feet of a dainty child.

Suppose, Miss Dove thought, letting her mind return to its hideous speculations, the doctor didn't pooh-pooh her complaint. If she were really ill, if her strange bodily sensations declared the close of her career as the buzzer had declared the close of the morning's work—what kind of teacher would take her place in the geography room?

Would it be a soft little person like Lorraine Ellwood? A person who did not guess that children must be marshalled and trained for life as green soldiers are trained in field manoeuvres for the reality of battle? A person who lived in a never-never land where discipline was a singing-game?

Would it be a brash, hearty girl like the art teacher? Someone who encouraged self-expression? (Miss Dove had seen paintings done in the art class—great, free, brilliant blobs of color running into the margins, and had shuddered to imagine maps executed with such technique!) Someone who shouted for order and grew red in the face?

Or worst of all—oh, too bad to think of!—would another Mona Leckford sit here on this dais, slumping, stifling yawns behind a hand? A languid woman, Miss Dove thought with contempt. A teacher whose heart was not in her work!

Suddenly the room seemed thronged with figures. They folded their hands and waited for Miss Dove to direct them.

She leaned forward. Let happen what may, she promised silently to the phantom company, I shall return!

There was a sound of footsteps—rapid, solid, masculine—in the hall. The Reverend Alexander Burnham hurried into the room. With him was Dr. Thomas Baker. David brought up the rear.

"David said you needed help, Miss Dove," said Alexander. "So I brought Tommy."

"Young Dr. Hurley is my

To page 43

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM

Continuing . . . Good Morning, Miss Dove

physician," said Miss Dove. Her tone implied that to ask for a seasoned medical man and to be offered instead, the services of Thomas Baker, was like being sent a troop of Boy Scouts when one had requested aid from the militia.

"Davie told us that," Thomas said quickly, remembering the importance Miss Dove had always attached to the delivery of "a straight message." He felt protective towards David and, illogically, towards himself. The familiar room was casting its spell upon him.

The mural on one blackboard, the map on the other, the clay caribou on the sand table, the cactus plants on the window-sill and, above all, the dry odor of chalk and boy that permeated the air (chalk smells the same forever and so do little boys, he thought with a sense of discovery)—all these belied the passage of time. He was eight years old, or eleven, or twelve at the most. He was facing the terrible Miss Dove who had accurately surmised, through some clairvoyance of her own, that he had a live garter snake in his trousers pocket.

"Dr. Hurley is ill with a recurrence of his bronchitis," said Thomas.

"The immoderate use of tobacco," Miss Dove said. She glanced at David who was guilty, she suspected, of smoking in the boys' basement.

David slid into his seat and resumed his copy-work.

"Quite likely. At any rate, he's hors de combat," said Thomas. (He was surprised and somewhat elated at the formality of his own language.) "I happened to be at Sandy's when David came."

"Tommy's had excellent training, you know," said Alexander.

"I know," said Miss Dove. Of course she knew. It was she who had begun his training. It was she who, day after unremitting day, had drilled into him respect for industry, desire for exactitude, and the civilising grace of inhibition. "Only"

"Only what? Only that for all his six-foot stature, his degrees, and his accomplishments, he was still, to her, the boy who had wiggled his ears whenever her back was turned."

Thomas understood Miss Dove's hesitation. He remained near the doorway, standing firmly upon etiquette. "Perhaps Miss Dove would prefer someone riper," he said.

But Miss Dove was not prepared to wound an old pupil's professional pride. Besides, she needed advice.

"I shall be glad of your opinion, Doctor," she said. With succinctness and clarity, as though she were listing the chief products of the Great Lakes region, she described the symptoms of her malaise.

Thomas nodded. He strode across the floor. He mounted the low, raised platform (and as he did, he had the feeling that he took the final and necessary step up from childhood to the plateau of adult authority); with the tip of his finger he touched a spot in the teacher's rigid back.

Sharply, Miss Dove drew in her breath.

"That's all," Thomas said. "Was it bad?"

"Yes," said Miss Dove.

"I was afraid it would be," Thomas said. "And your leg? There's a complete absence of sensation?"

"My limb has gone to sleep," Miss Dove said. "As soon as I move about—"

"But that's what we can't allow," said Thomas.

"Can't—what?" Miss Dove inquired. It had been a long time since anyone had proposed to impose his will upon her.

"Can't allow you to move about," said Thomas.

"And pray who are we?" Miss Dove asked with acidity. She glanced at Alexander Burnham.

Alexander fiddled with his clerical collar. "This isn't my province," he said. "Tommy's the doctor."

"Lindbergh's 'we,'" said Thomas. "Me. I—that is."

"What is your diagnosis?" asked Miss Dove.

"I haven't one yet," Thomas told her. "I'll have to get you to the hospital. Right away."

"Is that necessary?" Miss Dove demurred. "Young Dr. Hurley—"

"It is quite necessary," Thomas said. "Right away."

"Next week, perhaps," said Miss Dove. By next week Dr. Hurley's bronchial tubes would doubtless be clear and his comfortable skill at her command. "At present I am very busy. I am reviewing my grammar grades for the State proficiency tests. They will be given on Monday."

"Right away," said Thomas. His voice was flat. In it was the unyielding tone she had heard in her own when her patience was tried and she

and everyone had agreed that the closet was an eerie place festooned with cobwebs and containing strange instruments of torture. There were rumors of blood stains on the floor.

One lad with a ghoulish literary bent (he had later become a successful playwright) had claimed to know for a certainty that the skeleton of a boy was propped, grinning, against the wall. The children didn't really believe in those Gothic fancies, of course, any more than they believed in other dreadful rumors—that ghosts walked on Friday nights, for instance; that they, themselves, would some day lie in the graveyard; or that Miss Dove chastised miscreants with her map-pointer. They clung to them because they gilded dull routine with danger. Alexander opened the door.

The shallow, white-washed closet was uncluttered. From a peg beside the door hung a turkey-feather duster. On the floor were a pair of rubber gaiters and standing in the corner was no fleshless cadaver but a furled umbrella. From a shelf Alexander took Miss Dove's hat—small, straight-



meant to brook no more nonsense.

"But the fifth-grade is weak on the winds and the tides," she said.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men—" said Thomas. "Frankly, Miss Dove, the decision is not yours. Medicine is my theatre of command."

"Yes, Thomas," Miss Dove said meekly.

"Shall I call an ambulance?" asked Alexander.

"No! Please!" begged Miss Dove. With horror she imagined a siren shrieking down the street. She saw herself supine on a stretcher emerging from the portals of Cedar Grove School. "Not an ambulance!"

"I know," said Thomas. And he did know. In his instant of power he was granted perception. "Sandy and I could carry you to my car. That won't be so comfortable, of course—"

"It will be quieter," said Miss Dove. "More discreet."

"Very well then," Thomas said briskly. He wished to seize, before it changed, Miss Dove's submissive mood. "Now, Sandy—"

"My hat, please," said Miss Dove. "My gloves and my bag. They are in the closet."

"I'll fetch them," said Alexander. But with his hand on the china knob of the closet door he trembled. He was about to penetrate an awful mystery.

How often, especially when his conscience had been heavy, he had looked at that closet door and looked away! No one, to his knowledge—no one except the terrible Miss Dove—had ever seen behind it. Speculation had been rife, of course,

brimmed, a hat and nothing more—her long gold hatpin, her grey gloves, and her handbag. He backed out of the closet, shutting the door quickly lest his son David should see inside and suffer disillusion.

Miss Dove drew the gloves over her long, elegant fingers. In one hand she took her hat, in the other, her pin.

Alexander averted his eyes. (It had been the consensus of his classmates that the teacher secured her hat by driving that pin straight through her cranium.) His gaze met Thomas' and asked a question.

Thomas answered with a shrug. His expression was grave.

Miss Dove's hat sat, level and steady, upon her head. She looped the strap of her bag over her arm.

"I await your convenience, gentlemen," she said.

"If you'll lean forward—this way," Thomas said, helping her to her feet, "and support yourself on the desk—Now, Sandy!"

The two men joined their four hands, making the sort of chair that children make at play. They lowered it behind Miss Dove.

"Sit down," said Thomas. "Put your arms around our necks."

All this while David had bent over his notebook, intent on escaping notice. But when he heard the doctor's strange command and realised to whom it was addressed, he looked up. His marrow was chilled.

His father and Dr. Baker had lifted Miss Dove into the

air. She was sitting between them, on their hands, with her bony arms (and how, David wondered, could they endure the touch?) hugging their necks. Her feet dangled down.

"You may go, David," she said.

"Yes, Miss Dove," said David.

Alexander regarded his son. "Were you kept in because of your conduct?"

"Yes, sir," said David.

Alexander glanced at the board. His face darkened the way—David remembered—it had darkened at breakfast. "Have you finished your twenty copies?"

"I've done fifteen," said David.

"Do the other five," said Alexander. "Do five extra for good measure."

Miss Dove stiffened. This was the typical parental error. To indulge a child in his folly, gloss over his faults and then, in an outraged moment, to punish him excessively.

"David has been diligent," she said. "He was interrupted to run an errand at my request."

"He has to learn—" David's father began.

"It is I who deal with him here," said Miss Dove. "To borrow Thomas' words, this classroom is my theatre of command. David may go."

"Yes, Miss Dove," said Alexander. He and Thomas carried their proud passenger into the hall.

Left alone, David began to weep. He wept because, being a child of sensibility, he appreciated the austere beauty of justice and was moved when a tyrant came to his defence. He wept because he sensed that the world was subject to change and because to be left to his own undirected devices made him feel forlorn. He hated himself for crying. He hated his tender nature. It was his dream to become a big-league pitcher or a space-rocket pilot like the heroes on the ready-to-eat cereal boxes—who were never pictured in tears!

"Hell and damn!" he said aloud to the echoing room.

But the fine-flavored oath had lost its tonic property. It caused him to feel no bigger, no tougher, no less deserted. Why, he thought, shocked at the heresy to boyhood, the teacher was right! Nothing was achieved by sweating.

Down the central corridor of Cedar Grove School Miss Dove was borne aloft. The big front door was open to the brilliant day; the corridor was dim by contrast, like the tunnelled passage in a dream. The pictures on the walls—those reproductions in sepia of Galahad petting his horse, of Washington kneeling in the snow, and of the peasant girl enraptured by her lark, all of which had been chosen for moral inspiration—looked blurred and shadowy and downright silly.

The drinking fountain, a fixture of which Miss Dove severely disapproved (she regarded it as an open invitation, like a poolroom, to laxness and rowdy behaviour) had an aspect of pathos. From the teachers' rest-room on the second floor came Lorraine Ellwood's thin, true voice singing "Always" in honor of Mona Leckford; it sounded wistful and unreal—the ghost of a song. Yes, everything was very strange. And strangest of all was the fact that Miss Dove, herself, should move without the exercise of volition through

To page 44

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Continuing

Good Morning, Miss Dove

[from page 43]

territory where her presence had stood for law.

"Spine straight, Miss Dove," Thomas warned her. "Don't wobble about."

Miss Dove could scarcely believe her ears.

"It is not my custom to wobble," she said.

They approached the door. Beyond lay the schoolyard—a piece of the large, uncluttered world—harsh with the glare of publicity. What would the children do when they saw her? Would they stare? Would they gape? (Miss Dove abhorred a hang-jawed child!) Would they giggle? She did not know. She only knew that children in the mass were unpredictable.

But she must face them, and face them down. She thought of the Spartan boy smiling while the fox gnawed his vitals (though he had been wrong to steal the fox in the first place—she had always reminded her pupils of that); she thought of Marie Antoinette on her way to the guillotine.

Then, as if she were recalling another figure from history, she saw the young girl she, herself, had been. She saw that girl lifting her head above dismay; twisting her pale, bright hair—the symbol of everything easy and debonair—into a hard knot; bending above the chess-board by a northern window. I am predictable, she thought.

Alexander Burnham glanced up at her briefly. His brown eyes, remarkably like David's, were full of concern. "You'll be all right, Miss Dove," he said.

"I am always all right," said Miss Dove.

Mercifully, although she was prepared to carry it off with éclat, Miss Dove was not obliged to run the gauntlet of her pupils. A soft-ball game and two or three vendettas had drawn the student body to the playground behind the school. On the front lawn only a flock of robins and one child, hidden among the boughs of the namesake cedar, observed Miss Dove's departure.

The robins cocked their yellow eyes and continued pecking for worms.

The invisible child was Vicky Evans, the dreamer. She had climbed the tree for solitude. She was thinking up a story. And just as the elements of literature—an explorer lost among the mountains of the moon, a ruined castle, an enchanted princess—had begun to emanate from her mind, she saw something stranger than fiction.

She saw two tall men carrying a woman between them. The woman was Miss Dove. There was no mistaking, even from a distance and through the gloom of the cedar, the prim hat and the handkerchief-flower on the bodice of the dark dress.

In her first surprise Vicky felt only a mild shock of the ineffable wonder that all children feel when events go topsy-turvy. It was the way she might have felt if she'd heard a white rabbit talking to himself or seen a baby turning into a pig. But as she watched the group move down the cement path through the schoolyard, she was seized by horror. Miss Dove was being abducted! She had been "drugged into submission"—that was why she did not scream!

The fact that Vicky recognised both the "abductors"—that Mr. Burnham was the rector of her church and Dr. Baker the surgeon who had removed her grandmother's gall-bladder—did nothing to allay her fears. She had learned from comic books that wolves employ many disguises other than the fleece of lambs. Swinging from limb down to limb, like one of those arboreal

monkeys Miss Dove disliked, she dropped to the grass. She raced across the lawn, scattering robins.

She plunged through the doorway and ran, with mounting terror, down the cavernous hall of the school. Her voice froze in her throat. When she saw five or six teachers descending the stairway, looking gay and sentimental, she began to howl.

"Vicky, darling!" cried Miss Ellwood, rushing ahead of her companions. "Are you hurt, dear?"

Vicky shook her head. Between howls she made a burbling, unsuccessful attempt at articulation.

"Something's frightened her," Mona Leckford said, with an air of perspicacity.

"Steady in the boat there, Evans!" boomed the art teacher.

"Kidnappers!" Vicky managed to gasp. "They've snatched Miss Dove!"

The music teacher sat down upon the bottom step and pulled Vicky into her lap. "Sweetheart," she said, "you've been making up stories—nice little let's-pretend stories that belong in books and you're all mixed up. But we mustn't confuse let's-pretend with really-so, must we?"

"They snatched her!" Vicky sobbed. "I saw them!"

"Classic hysteria," said Mona Leckford, who dipped widely, if not deeply, into the literature of abnormal psychology. She peered at Vicky. For the first time in her brief teaching career she found a child fascinating.

"It's her vivid imagination," said Lorraine. "Now, Vicky, Wicky, let's think hard! You didn't see them. You just—"

Then David Burnham came out of the geography room and told what had happened.

Miss Dove was not transferred to the doctor's automobile. Thomas decided against that for fear of jolting his patient. He discussed his decision, beneath and across Miss Dove, with Alexander.

"It's five blocks to the hospital," he said. "Can you make it, Sandy?"

"If you can," Alexander replied. He sounded offended, as though he considered the question a reflection upon his age (he was a few years the senior of Thomas) or upon the staying power of the clergy.

"Good man," said Thomas. "What of Miss Dove's comfort?"

"Oh, she'll be okay so long as she keeps her spine rigid," Thomas assured him. "And that's an old habit of hers."

Miss Dove found it odd to hear herself spoken of in the third person as if she were absent or dead. Odder yet, it was agreeable. For the fact that she was not consulted put her anxieties—for a brief interlude at least—at a certain remove. Like any pupil in the geography room she had now to think only of her present duty and that duty was defined. She was to keep her spine rigid.

Back down the route she had taken in the morning she rode between her bearers. Along Maple through a shower of winged, coral-colored seeds some of which settled on her hat; up Oakwood, across Lafayette, past her own house to Elm where, half a block farther on, the hospital was situated.

The noonday hush was on Liberty Hill but Miss Dove's progress did not go unnoticed. Polly Burnham was on her porch, awaiting her husband's return. She started forward when she saw him; he warned her off with a shake of his head. He walked very slowly, she observed, keeping careful step with Thomas. She telephoned Jincey Baker.

Jincey called her sister and her mother-in-law. Within five minutes a score of persons stood, half-eager and half-afraid, at front windows. And when they beheld the awaited spectacle they felt betrayed as people feel when they first glimpse the outrageous fact that their parents are not immune to change but have been touched, as by frost in the night, with an intimation of mortality. If Miss Dove's strength could crumble, what of their own? The shape of bones showed through the boxom face of nature—

Law, embodied in the muscular bulk of Patrolman Holloway, was cruising the streets in a police car. The car drew close to the kerb.

"Has there been an accident, Doc? Is she bad off?" Holloway asked. He was abjectly devoted to Miss Dove, who had once shown him consequence when that was what he needed. He pronounced "she" as with a capital letter, like the pronoun of deity.

"I have the immediate situation under control, Bill," Thomas said. "Scoot over to the hospital and tell them I want a private room."

"Yes, sir." With siren wailing, the car sped off at sixty miles an hour.

JINCEY BAKER

was in her front yard. She wore a full yellow smock. The sun gave an extra gloss to her hair. Her complexion had the glowing delicacy that blesses some women in the terminal weeks of pregnancy and there was a sprinkling of freckles—a touching left-over grace of childhood—on the bridge of her exquisite nose. She looked like spring.

After nearly a year of marriage, Thomas was not hardened to his wife's beauty. For an instant the world rocked and he was oblivious of all else. He nearly stumbled.

But Miss Dove was not dazed. She noted only that the girl seemed to have outgrown the flighty butterfly airs that had made her first youth absurd.

"How d'y'do, Virginia," she said.

"How d'y'do, Miss Dove," said Jincey. She looked at her husband. "Can I help, Tommy?"

"No," Thomas said. He rapped out the negative, wishing to cut clear of the tenderness that threatened to unman him. "Just look after yourself. Don't do anything foolish."

Silently, Miss Dove approved the doctor's admonition to his wife. His tone had been unnecessarily brusque, perhaps—but what better advice could a man give Virginia (who had been one of the volatile Webbs) than a warning against impulsive behaviour?

It had been nearly a year before—the very first day of the preceding June, to be exact—when Miss Dove had talked alone with Jincey in the geography room, had been interrupted by Thomas, and had been reasonably sure, when she'd seen the two young people go off together, of how the next chapter of their lives would read.

That first of June had been graduation day at Cedar Grove Elementary School. The exercises had not deviated from tradition. On the platform of the school auditorium forty white-clad children of the outgoing sixth grade, all with rapt, dedicated faces, had presented a tableau of propriety. (At least thirty-nine of them had. Sterling Baker, a boy remarkable for pinkness and aplomb, had

attempted, by practising Morse code with his mobile ears, to provide comic relief for the transcendent solemnity of the occasion. But, with a single exception, the audience had ignored Sterling. Only his elder brother, Dr. Thomas Baker—the sole visiting adult male in attendance—had suffered a brief fit of coughing.) "Trees" had been recited with much flutter of the hands to denote nesting robins, much wailing of the eyes to denote piety, by Fae Patricia Riggsbee, a bisque doll of a girl. Finally, the Citizenship Cup had been awarded to Lester Knight, jun., thrusting his lower jaw forward almost to the angle of dislocation, Lester had declared that to him the trophy "rep-er-sented just one more challenge!"

At last the graduates left the stage. Preceded by the principal and most of the faculty, they marched single file down the centre aisle of the auditorium. Their voices, raised in the school's song of farewell, had a sweetness independent of pitch or harmony.

"Dear old Cedar Grove, to thee—ee—ee—
We pledge love and loyalty—ee—ee—ee—"

sang the graduates and proceeded to vow, off-key, that whatever temptations might beset them "upon life's stormy sea" (i.e., junior high school) they would cling to the ideals of their first alma mater. Every mother who heard them (even the rare candid one who considered her own darling's eligibility for promotion a minor miracle) grew damp in the eye.

Miss Dove was acquainted with the sensibility of the female parent. On thirty-odd successive Commencement Days, just at this point in the ceremonies, she had been aware of an increased humidity in the emotional atmosphere. And, since she had taught most of the mothers present and knew their individual quirks, she could—if pressed—have told what each of them thought in her heart or whispered to her neighbor.

"They will become the men and women of tomorrow," murmured Lester Knight, junior's mother. Like her son, she had a gift for appropriate platitude.

Mrs. Riggsbee, sandwiched between Mrs. Knight and her own young sister, Jincey Webb, suppressed a sneer. "What does anyone expect them to become? Yaks?" she inquired behind her hand of Jincey. It was obvious to Mrs. Riggsbee that except for some foul element of favoritism her Fae Patricia would have received the cup.

Jincey shrugged. What dull, provincial lives these women lead, she thought. Never tasting glory or despair. Moving about in their little orbits from market to home to country club to market. Merely motorised vegetables. She raised her lovely eyes to the ceiling. At least I have suffered. I have lived!

At the tail end of the line, separated by three paces from the last singing child, came Miss Dove. She walked with her usual measured tread. She wore her usual dark dress. She looked precisely as she had always looked. But she knew that the mothers, regarding her through a haze of emotion, saw her with a difference.

Ordinarily—try as they might to disguise the fact by poking fun at her sharp nose, her impassive countenance, and the tight little ball of hair at the nape of her rick neck—they were afraid of her. "The terrible Miss Dove," they had called her in their childhood and still called her; and their

To page 45

Continuing . . . Good Morning, Miss Dove

(from page 44)

title for her derived less from her dogmatic insistence upon the less dramatic virtues than from the suspicion that she knew all about them.

She could put her finger on the snivel, ignoble spots in their natures as unerringly, they felt, as she could touch with her long map-pointer the capital of Bolivia or the source of the Danube. But on this June morning most of them forgot that. Rich and charitable in successful maternity they glimpsed infinite pathos in the spinster's life.

She was no longer the terror who had stalked through their school days—who had made them wash out their mouths when they'd chewed their pig-tails or used inclement language, who had forced them, through dread of her silent contempt, to sit still until the bell rang, no matter how badly they needed to go to the bathroom; who had known, though she hadn't stooped to question their word, when they were fibbing.

She was not even the cold-blooded monster who had, later, remained unsoftened by their own children's infantile graces—by Sisie's bashfulness and Bubbie's imperfect articulation, and the adorable way Jackie Boy stomped his foot, like a regular little man, when his will was crossed. She was Woman Berett.

For the sixth-graders were leaving her. Each one irreplaceable and differing from all other children as star differed from star, they were marching straight out of her life as sixth-graders had marched, June after June, year after cruel year. They would never return.

"Poor Miss Dove!" the mothers sighed in silent unison and Miss Dove heard them with that inward ear, sensitive to vibrations of the mass mind, that is the genius—though scarcely the bliss—of the true teacher. "Poor childless, chickless, flegless Miss Dove!" The sentiment drew them together into one warm, yeasty lump of compassion. Forgiving the mis-carriage of the Cup, Mrs. Rigs-

bee reached for Mrs. Knight's hand and squeezed it. Very tenderly she laid her other hand over Jincey's.

Jincey withdrew her fingers. She lifted her head in a delicate, fastidious way as if to hold it aloof from banality. On her pale face was the languid hauteur that is natural to a young beauty whom tragedy has touched.

Miss Dove, though she was attempting to notice nothing, noticed Jincey. It would have been difficult not to see the slightest motion of the girl's head with its red-gold hair that seemed to give off sparks like a cat's fur stroked in the dark. Miss Dove noticed, as well, that Thomas Baker noticed and that his eyes appeared dazed as if they were staring into an open fire.

Miss Dove was not pleased. She was cognisant of the details of Jincey Webb's disappointment. She could imagine though she could not imagine allowing herself to wander into such a predicament that to be publicly jilted was galling to the self-esteem. But she gave short shrift to the wan weeds of melancholy.

If Virginia—for Miss Dove believed in calling people as well as facts by their full names—would stop mooning about in an atmosphere of broken orange-blossoms, play-acting and rolling her eyes much as her silly niece, Fae Patricia, rolled hers, then she might reap some benefit from experience and enjoy a fuller, saner life.

As for Thomas Baker—surely a qualified surgeon, accustomed to the stern realities of health and sickness, could keep his mind from meandering in the maze of a girl's red hair. Surely he must realise—as Miss Dove realised—that those distracting tresses had done Virginia harm. If her mother had kept them braided, the nonsense of beauty and glamor would never have begun. (Miss Dove reflected complacently upon her own hair—washed once a week, brushed night and morning, and screwed

into a sensible bun out of folly's way.) And if Thomas wished to contemplate something other than his profession he might well consider the flippant attitude—that sad family failing!—that his young brother had just displayed upon the rostrum.

But disdain as she might the marvellous hair and the bemused, half-drowning look in the doctor's eyes, Miss Dove was not oppressed by them as she was by her consciousness of the sticky emotion that oozed towards her from the assembled matrons. Her place in

she saw much that was right, much that was wrong, and no thing that was funny. No. Laughter was not her style. She was inclined, however, for one outraged instant, to come to a full stop in the aisle. To stand there, revolving slowly like a weather-cock on a windless day, sweeping her sympathisers with a gelid gaze that would leave them little doubt as to her opinion of mothers.

Naturally, however, the sedate Miss Dove did not yield



"We're one big happy family here and it's got to stop!"

society was one, Miss Dove believed, to excite envy. That other women should presume to pity her—and especially that soft species of women who leaned upon the protection of men and who, with the advent of maternity, lost the power of reason and replaced it with a vague, yearning sort of mawkishness that they held sacred and called instinct—seemed to her fantastic.

She was not tempted to laugh, for a sense of humor was not her defence against impudence. That touted faculty she regarded, indeed, as morally vestigial and, like the tonsils, apt to breed trouble. She looked through air as clear as glass upon the human scene: in it

to that impulse. She continued her stately progress as rear-guard of the graduates. The position was not—as the lachrymose mothers thought—one of loneliness or rejection. It was a position of her own choosing. Seven years before a disconcerting thing had happened at a Cedar Grove graduation. The last child in the line—a little girl known as Jincey whose angelic brow and pellucid hair had moved most people to poetry—had whipped a water-pistol from the depths of her frilly bodice and had shot the boy preceding her in the seat of his trousers.

Other guns had appeared as if by prearranged signal. The graduates had broken ranks

They had rioted through the building, leaping desks, drenching flowery-bonneted bystanders with the ammunition of their side-arms and singing, instead of the school's inspiring anthem, a rowdy ballad known as "Pistol-Packing Mama!" Since that unhappy day, Miss Dove had deemed it prudent to let the children know that the eyes of decorum were upon them, aft as well as fore.

Now, nineteen and wretched, Jincey herself recalled that occasion. She smiled, remembering the surge of daring, the intoxicated leap towards freedom. And she remembered as well the disciplined years that had, paradoxically, given her the heady moment of bravado. Miss Dove did not evoke her pity. Jincey saw her as the symbol of a bygone era when life had been unchancy and as plain as a map on a wall.

She remembered how the teacher had stood, stiff as a yardstick, behind her desk, with her long fingers she had touched the globe of the earth, turning it slowly to illustrate its predictable diurnal revolution. And, recollecting, Jincey experienced again an old, comfortable conviction that if you obeyed the law—if you sneezed in your handkerchief and raised your hand for permission to speak and kept your margins neat—that globe and all it represented was certain to be your oyster.

For the first time in weeks it occurred to Jincey that a broken heart was cumbersome baggage.

Miss Dove followed the class into the hall. The mothers arose. They fanned themselves with their programmes. "It was the end of something," they said mournfully, "but think—now we'll have our families all to ourselves, all day, all summer!" Then, staring suddenly down a tunnel of ninety hot, unbroken days of intensive maternity, they added, as if to bolster their optimism, "Poor, dear Miss Dove!"

"It's nice to see you here,

Jincey. It will mean so much to Little Fae." Mrs. Knight said. "That green dress with your hair—" Her glance was caressing as beheld a married woman upon a slip of a girl whose hopes were blighted, but it was patronising, too. Lester, sen., was no Romeo, the glance said. He didn't own a yacht. His Adam's apple was prominent, he snored, and his jokes were ancient. But he had been there when he'd said he would—waiting at the altar!

"She came to please me. She's a cutie-pie," Mrs. Rigsbee said, giving her sister an affectionate spank. "We're driving out to the club for lunch. Afterwards you can get a swim and a sunbath, Jincey. I put your things in the car."

Jincey felt smothered by tact and solicitude. And to be called "a cutie-pie" was more than she could bear. "I believe I won't. Thanks all the same," she said. She added, and the resolve, and the words that clothed it were simultaneous, "I want to go see Miss Dove."

Before her sister could argue she escaped and went her way.

"Hi, Ellen. Hi, Jane," said Dr. Thomas Baker to Mesdames Knight and Rigsbee. "This makes me feel my age more and more. You two girls here in parenthesis and me in loco!"

"Wasn't it sad?" said Mrs. Knight. "I bawled at the song. And poor Miss Dove!"

"Poor?" Thomas demanded. "She scared me stiff the way she always did. I sat there sweating—perspiring, I mean—and wondering if I had a clean handkerchief." He took a handkerchief from his pocket—it was quite clean—and mopped his brow. "No. She'll always be 'the terrible' to me and nothing more!"

"But she's old, Tommy," pleaded Mrs. Rigsbee. "And lonely. Year after year other people's children leave her forever!"

Thomas thought he could endure with equanimity a lifetime minus the company of the

To page 46

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Page 46



Continuing . . . Good Morning, Miss Dove

[from page 45]

affected Fae Patricia, the pompous Lester, jun., his own ebullient brother, Sterling, or any other twelve-year-old. But he did not voice his unorthodox sentiment. He was, after all, a young physician with his way to make. "Wasn't little Jincey with you?" he asked, employing an elaborately casual tone. "I hadn't seen her since she was Fae's age, but I spotted that fire-engine hair."

"She was here. It's the first time I've been able to drag her out since—" Mrs. Riggsbee finished with a wave of her hand. "She went off to speak to Miss Dove."

"A palpable error," Thomas said. "She could have waited and spoken to me." He raised his left eyebrow in the cocksure, maddening, irresistible manner of the skittish bachelor who doesn't underestimate his value. He drifted with the crowd to the door.

Back in the classroom—her castle, as it were—Miss Dove sat at her desk on the dais and closed her eyes. Below her, five rows of lesser desks stood tenantless. The blackboards were washed clean of drawings of isthmuses and peninsulas. The sand-tables were shrouded in oilcloth. But Miss Dove was not closing her eyes against the sadness of these things. She was trying to visualise clearly the twosome children who had left her.

For six years she had pruned and polished and moulded them and had sought to blow into their clay the breath of purpose. Now they had passed beyond the scope of her influence, beyond the aid of her stricture or approval. She did not wish them back. She wished only to believe that they would do well without her. But she had to wait and see. Miss Dove was like an author whose book was on the press, like a cook whose cake was in the oven, like a flight instructor whose cadet had departed on a lonely mission in the sky. For weal or woe her job was done.

But as the author ponders the merits of that poetic passage in his third chapter, as the cook wishes she had flavored her batter with almond instead of vanilla, as the instructor wonders about forced landings, so Miss Dove tormented herself with questions.

She thought first of Fae Patricia. The child was tractable and honest but she had given herself a great many airs today as she'd recited Kilmer's poem. Did I teach her enough humility? Enough common sense to withstand the adulation of a fatuous mother and many fatuous men? Miss Dove thought, with a pang, of Fae's aunt, Jincey Webb.

Jincey had been a likely child. Not intellectual or original, but thoroughly nice—cheerful, obliging, and amenable to suggestion. Though she had been subject to animal spirits (witness the "pistol-packing" episode) she had recognised the beauty of discipline. Her notebooks had been jewels of neatness, things of sheer delight. And her posture had been superb—spine straight, head erect, feet planted on the floor. And then, within a few years of her leaving Cedar Grove, something had happened to the girl. Everything about her—her complexion, her figure, her direct brown eyes and, most demonstrably, her hair—had taken on a kind of burnished symmetry that had dazzled the beholder. Worse, it had dazzled Jincey.

At the State University she had been elected—by acclaim—the "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." She had won a talent show and had gone to New York where she got a small job singing TV commercials for a

shampoo product—though her voice was slight and indifferent in quality.

Soon her engagement had been announced. She was to marry the scion of a wealthy family. She would have a Mediterranean honeymoon aboard a private yacht. She would live, when she returned, in a penthouse—a twelve-room cottage with a terrace and a hilly pool built in the sky above Manhattan.

She had come home for the wedding. She had wanted it in the little stone church where she'd been christened, with all her old friends there to bless her.

But the wedding had been a mirage. Two days after Jincey had arrived home her fiancé had eloped with a nightclub entertainer. He had not apprised Jincey of his intention. She had heard of it, as a fait accompli, on a radio gossip programme.

Miss Dove had not been greatly astonished by the turn of events. She had seen a photograph of the defaulting groom and had noted a shiftiness in his eye and an overfullness, indicative of petu-



lance, about his mouth. What had astonished her had been Jincey's behaviour.

The girl had not conducted herself with the poise that should have distinguished an alumnus of Cedar Grove. She had wept and wilted. She had secluded herself in her sister's house where she had allowed close friends to dab her forehead with eau-de-cologne. She had not—thought Miss Dove—had the courage to spit in the eye of circumstance!

Was there something more I could have done, Miss Dove asked herself now, before the girl was twelve?

She sighed and considered the case of Sterling Baker. It was odd and discouraging how an idiosyncrasy could run like a warped thread through a whole family. Sterling was the youngest of four brothers. Thomas, Andrew, Randolph, and Sterling—Miss Dove had taught them all. They all had cleft chins. They all had fine muscular control—they could wiggle their ears. They could raise one eyebrow without so much as twitching its mate.

They were all quick to learn and respond to ethical values. None of them knew how to lie. But try as she had, Miss Dove had never been able to cure them of their love of clowning. And, of course, she'd got no help from their mother. "Oh, they'll be serious soon enough," that fat, amiable woman was reported to have said. "Leave them to fate and the terrible Miss Dove!"

Recalling Mrs. Baker's remark, Miss Dove pursed her mouth as though she held pins in it.

There was a hesitant step at the open doorway. Jincey Webb stood on the threshold.

"Good morning, Miss Dove," she said. Her voice was that of a well-instructed child. It made her unchildish beauty seem fancy dress put on for a masquerade.

"Good morning, Virginia," said Miss Dove.

Jincey advanced into the room. Her shoes were thin, green shells supported by thin, high heels. Her green frock made a sound reminiscent of wind in grass. Her hair shook off a peculiarly unacademic fragrance. Jincey went straight to the third seat in the third row of desks.

"This was my place," she said.

"Will you sit there now, Virginia?" Miss Dove said politely.

Jincey took her seat. "The room is different, empty," she said.

Miss Dove was not adept at small talk.

Jincey made another try. "Like life," she said.

Miss Dove said nothing. "It doesn't smell the same, either," Jincey said.

None of it was wicked. All of it, as Miss Dove had surmised, was a chronicle of vanity and innocence. She told of meeting Michael, the villain of the piece, at the Stork Club. "He spoke to the waiter in French," she said, "and wore a cummerbund."

She told of the places he had taken her to dine. "Did you ever drink champagne, Miss Dove?" she asked.

"No," said Miss Dove.

"It tastes like cider," Jincey said, "but its effect is different." She told of the compliments Michael had paid her. She told of his proposal. ("You are my rainbow's end," he had said.) She was on the verge of describing the sensations she had experienced when he'd clasped her in his arms, but at that point Miss Dove halted her.

"Reticence, Virginia, is the 'sine qua non' of gentility," Miss Dove said.

Then Jincey told of the evening in her sister's house when the devastating news had come over the radio. "Everything went black," she said. Tears gushed down her cheeks. She looked very appealing, not very pretty, and about ten years old. "Next day I had a telegram. It said, 'Gorgeous, only you can understand.'"

"Could you?" asked Miss Dove.

"No," Jincey sobbed. "I still can't. Can you?"

"Certainly," said Miss Dove. "Have you a handkerchief, Virginia?"

"I forgot," said Jincey.

From a box on her desk, Miss Dove took a piece of facial tissue. Like a queen stepping down from her throne to distribute largesse to the poor, she stepped down from her dais and gave the tissue to Jincey. She returned to her desk.

Jincey wiped her eyes. She blew her nose. "What must I do—exactly?" she asked. She folded her hands and waited to be told.

Of course Miss Dove knew the answer. Jincey's problem, like most problems, was uncomplicated when viewed objectively. And yet, she hesitated. To tell an adult exactly what steps to take towards his salvation was apt to weaken him. It deprived him of his inalienable right to trial and error which was tonic to the character. But today Jincey laid the claims of childhood upon her. She was sitting in her old place. And she had forgotten her handkerchief.

"Very well," Miss Dove said quietly. "First, you must return to your sister's house. You must enter your bedroom, fall upon your knees, and give thanks to your Heavenly Father."

"Thanks!" Jincey gasped. "For what?"

"For preserving you from a fate worse than death," Miss Dove said. The expression, uttered in her precise, calm accents, sounded neither trite nor melodramatic.

"Than death?" Jincey echoed.

"Than death," Miss Dove repeated flatly. "It is evident that the young man to whom you had given your affection discovered that his feelings for you had altered."

Jincey nodded, dumb with misery.

"He had, however, an honorable avenue of escape. He could have requested you to release him from his commitment."

Jincey began to cry again. "He did not choose to take

To page 47

"This is how it was," Jincey said. She told Miss Dove all that had happened to her.

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that honorable avenue," Miss Dove said. "Why?"

"I don't know," said Jincey. "Then I will tell you," said Miss Dove. Her tone was bland and informative. She might have been explaining the difference between longitude and latitude. "It was because he was a cad, a coward, and a person of low principles."

"Oh!" cried Jincey. She sounded shocked as if she were hearing blasphemy. But slowly over her face spread an expression of exquisite relief. "I thought there must be something wrong with me!"

"Your fault lay in a rashness of judgment," said Miss Dove. "His lay in dishonor." She paused to let the distinction sink into the girl's consciousness. "And then," she went on more briskly, "after you have expressed gratitude to the Power that kept you from a disastrous alliance, you must consider your duty to your neighbor and yourself. You must find a useful occupation."

"Do you think I could teach?" asked Jincey. "Decidedly not," said Miss Dove. "But there are other spheres of service."

"I might be a nurse." "You might," Miss Dove agreed. Nurses were disciplined. They wore uniforms. Their shoes had low, solid heels. And their hair! Miss Dove thought approvingly of Jincey's hair tucked into a net and crowned with a starched white cap.

"I might enter a nursing order," Jincey said dreamily, "and become a nun." She laid her hand, in a graceful gesture of renunciation, upon her bosom.

"What's this about nunneries?" Thomas Baker demanded from the doorway. He sounded alarmed and breathless, like a doctor who hopes he's arrived in time to countermand a wrong prescription.

"Good morning, Thomas," said Miss Dove.

"Good morning, Miss Dove," said Thomas. He came into the room, a tall, lean young man with a humorous mouth, a steady eye and a stubborn chin.

Continuing . . . Good Morning, Miss Dove

from page 46

when she returns from Boston," Thomas said. "She knows how to deal with smart guys."

"I dare say," said Miss Dove.

Jincey wrinkled her shapely nose. "Does this room smell different to you, Tommy?"

Thomas took a step towards her. He inhaled deeply. "And much better," he said. Jincey laughed again. Miss Dove deplored what seemed to be transpiring before her eyes. Jincey's new-found purpose was not yet proof against blandishment. In the Webbs the vein of romance ran as close to the skin as did the vein of comedy in the Bakers.

"I expect the hospital keeps you busy, Thomas," she said.

"Yes. It calls me now." He glanced at Jincey. "My car's out back. If I could drop you off somewhere."

"Fine," said Jincey. She rose. "Goodbye, Miss Dove. And thank you, I'll remember." (But it struck Miss Dove that she'd forgotten a good deal already.) "I'll think about the nursing career. Maybe Tommy can advise me."

"I'll advise her very carefully," Thomas said with the utmost gravity. And suddenly, just before he left with Jincey, he gave Miss Dove a smile of such ineffable sweetness as she had never seen before. She remembered a metaphor, read somewhere long ago and scarcely thought of since, that spoke of life—or was it love?—as "honey on the tongue."

Miss Dove put on her hat without benefit of mirror. She closed the windows and drew the green shades down over the glass. In the dim, watery light the room looked mysterious, like a room in a dream. For an instant Miss Dove had a fleeting vision of children—familiar children and yet new—stirring in the shadows. All the end-of-the-year fatigue fell away from her. She felt elated and greedy for the future. It

was a curious sensation. Perhaps it was what people meant by happiness.

I am fifty-four, she thought. I won't have to retire until sixty-seven. She paused, calculating. (A different kind of woman would have counted on her fingers.) If they didn't tarry—and recalling the smile and the laughter, she didn't expect they would tarry—then she could take the first child straight through to graduation.

The child would need her. Jincey would be a doting, dandling mother. She would rock her children to sleep and kiss their bruises and call them by baby-talk names like Punnkin and Buttons and Boo. And

Man is not the creature of circumstances. Circumstances are the creatures of men.

—Disraeli

Thomas, as a father, would cut a sorry figure indeed. Fancy a father who was a "martyr to levity." A father who "couldn't resist a wisecrack!"

And yet, Miss Dove reflected, possibly all that, along with shiny hair and silly shoes and pretty smells (for Jincey's agreeable scent still hung on the air), was part of a plan designed by an Authority she did not question. For if everyone lived upon Miss Dove's own lofty plane—if everyone perceived with perfect clarity the hard, serious truths of human life—then there would be no parents and no children. There would be only teachers.

In this magnanimous mood Miss Dove left her classroom. In the foyer of the building, under the picture of Galahad and his horse, the art teacher had set up a trestle table and was serving refreshments to the graduates and their guests.

Miss Dove moved among the mothers, greeting them graciously.

As she approached Mrs. Knight she saw that lady slap a slice of coconut cake out of the hand of her illustrious son.

"Lester, jun., you pig!" Mrs. Knight sputtered between clenched teeth. "You're going to be sick, sick, and serve you right!"

"Good morning, Mrs. Knight," said Miss Dove. "I'm sure you are proud of Lester."

Mrs. Knight wheeled around. With her foot she shoved the cake, which had fallen to the floor, beneath the overhang of the crepe-paper tablecloth. As she gazed up into the teacher's serene, cloudless, omniscient eyes—as she imagined a summer uncluttered with the care and feeding of children—pity was the least of her emotions.

But she managed to compose her features. She put her arm around Lester, jun.'s shoulders. "All that he is he owes to you, Miss Dove," she said. Miss Dove inclined her head in acknowledgment of the tribute. "It is my rule," she said, "to regard my each success simply as one more challenge."

And now, from the elevation of the criss-crossed hands of Burnham and Baker, Miss Dove looked down at Virginia and saw that she—against the odds of soft hair and eyes, pretty bodily proportions and a heart very quickly made glad—had attained, no less than Lester, jun., the condition of being "a challenge." In the gauzy April light she stood there in her husband's garden—still beautiful and still, perhaps, a trifle too conscious of her beauty, but with all her folly fallen away. She carried her unborn child high, as the country saying is, and she carried it with pride. In her face was the steady glow of vocation.

Maternity, Miss Dove felt, was a humbler career than teaching—a talent rather than a craft, drawing more from instinct than from intelligence. But it was abundantly clear that it was this girl's—this

woman's—ordained sphere of usefulness, that she had found it and that she would give it her energies without reserve. That was success; Miss Dove respected it. It gave her the same stab of aesthetic satisfaction that she had often felt when some hitherto graceless child had shown understanding or had made a map with meticulous care (preventing the colors of different nations from running into one another), or had told the truth when the truth was to his immediate disadvantage.

When they came in view of Miss Dove's own house—a large white house, with fluted columns, and a cut-glass fanlight, that had long since been converted into apartments—Miss Dove suggested stopping while she gathered together a few necessary toilet articles.

"No," said Thomas. "I'll attend to them later," the minister said.

"I am afraid that is an office for a lady," said Miss Dove.

Alexander blushed. "Most certainly," he said. The notion of invading Miss Dove's virginal boudoir, of touching her comb, her toothbrush, and her various articles of intimate apparel, caused his nerves to quiver. "Polly will get them."

"We're almost there," said Thomas as he and his companion turned into Elm Street.

"If I may be permitted to indulge my curiosity," said Miss Dove with a touch of hauteur, "how long must I expect to be hospitalised? Over-night?"

"Longer than that," said Thomas.

"This is Wednesday," said Miss Dove. "I should like to be in school by Monday at the latest." She could give the children no factual aid on their tests, but she could aid them intangibly merely by being there. In her sedative presence they would be unlikely to be rattled.

"Not next Monday," said Thomas. "A week from then, maybe. Or a month. It all depends."

"Oh," said Miss Dove.

To be continued



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Save time... save messy rubbing-in... make higher, lighter scones!

8 ozs. (2 level cups) self-raising flour, 1 level teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon salt, 2 ozs. butter or margarine, a bare $\frac{1}{2}$ cup very hot water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Sift the flour, sugar and salt into a bowl. Dissolve the shortening in the hot water, add the milk, then stir lightly into the flour with a knife. Turn out on a well-floured board and fold over and pat out 8 or 10 times to fold air into the dough. Handle lightly. Press out about $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch thick and cut into squares with a knife. Glaze with melted shortening and bake in a very hot oven about 12 minutes. Serve hot or cold with butter (or whipped cream) and serve plenty of luscious jam.



WHY JAM IS GOOD FOR YOU

The jam which satisfies your natural, wholesome desire for something sweet is a luscious combination of Nature's two chief sweetmeats—ripe fruit and pure cane sugar. Sugar is the world's most concentrated energy food. Fresh fruit from which all jam is prepared is a rich source of Vitamins A, B1, B2 and C, as well as the vital minerals—calcium, phosphorus and iron.





MOST WANTED BY MOST WOMEN

for these **5** reasons

It Fills The 'Pope' Fill 'n' Empty Pump fills straight from the trough. No baling, no backaches—no spill-overs.

It Empties . . . No dippers, no buckets. 'Pope' Fill 'n' Empty Pump empties that deep, roomy 12-gallon tub in seconds.

It Washes . . . Whiter, brighter, gentler with 'Pope' 3-zone, deep under-row washing action. No pounding—no thrashing.

It Wrings . . . The big, smooth, power wringer cleanses as it wrings. Locks in 8 positions. Not a hand's turn needed.

It Heats and Keeps Water Hot — Automatically
Exclusive 'Pope' Twin-o-matic Heater heats cold water fast and automatically maintains perfect washing temperature right through the wash.

Pope is most wanted because it is the most advanced and completely equipped Washing Machine a woman can buy. There's no copper to boil . . . no water to bale . . . no hand washing or wringing . . . not a hand's turn needed because: 'Pope' automatically Fills the tub—automatically Heats and Keeps Water Hot—Washes and Wrings and Empties itself. No other washing machine can save her so much—no wonder 'Pope' is most wanted by most women. When she buys a 'Pope' Washing Machine there's no need to pay for coppers, buckets, dippers and hoses. She'll save on fuel cost too and thrill at the extra space saved in the laundry. 'Pope' has a Direct Drive with only four moving parts and there are no belts or pulleys to wobble or wear. It's rust proof, stain proof, and the deep roomy 12-gallon tub takes the full-sized family wash. Only the full-sized 'Pope' equipped with exclusive "Twin-o-matic" Heater and "Fill 'n' Empty" Pump can save women so much.

ONLY A
Pope
WILL DO!

NEW 'TWIN-O-MATIC' HEATER MODELS 93 GNS. (In South Australia—90 GNS.)
OTHER 'POPE' MODELS PRICED from 77 GNS. (In South Australia—from 75 GNS.)
Librally Guaranteed and Serviced Free for 12 months by the Manufacturers
POPE PRODUCTS LTD.—Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane

Most Advanced - Most Complete - Most Wanted Electric Washing Machine in Australia

BAKED UPSIDE DOWN

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our
Food and Cookery Expert

Piping hot sweets for winter menus are much in demand, and one of the nicest sweets you can serve is the always popular "upside down" pudding.

A VARIETY of hot puddings can be made by baking a simple cake mixture on top of a layer of fruit which, in turn, is placed on top of a layer of butter and sugar creamed together.

When the cooked pudding is turned out with the fruit uppermost, a small quantity of rich caramel or butterscotch sauce is found mixed with the fruit.

Puddings are not the only dishes which are baked upside down. Included on this page are recipes for two savory dishes cooked this way.

All spoon measurements in recipes on this page are level.

UPSIDE-DOWN PINEAPPLE PUDDING

One ounce butter creamed with 1oz. brown sugar, sliced pineapple and cherries to decorate base of tin, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Spread creamed butter and brown sugar on base of 8in. sandwich-tin, sides of which have already been greased. Arrange pattern of pineapple and cherries on top. Cream butter and sugar, add egg, and mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Pour over fruit. Bake in moderate oven about 35 minutes. Allow to stand in tin 5 to 10 minutes to allow caramel to settle before turning on to serving dish.

Note: If desired, the pudding may be cooked in an ovenware dish 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 9in., as illustrated on this page. In this case increase quantity of flour to 6oz. and add 2 extra tablespoons milk.

DATE AND ORANGE UPSIDE-DOWN PUDDING

One ounce butter creamed with 1oz. white sugar and 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 15 or 16 whole dates simmered with juice and grated rind of 1 orange for 5 minutes (for base of tin), 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 2oz. wholemeal self-raising flour, 2oz. white self-raising flour, pinch salt, good $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Spread creamed butter, sugar, and orange rind over base of 8in. sandwich-tin. Cover with whole dates which have been simmered with orange rind and juice. Cream butter and sugar with the 1 teaspoon grated orange rind and add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in wholemeal self-raising flour mixed well with white self-raising flour sifted with salt. Mix



THIS delicious pineapple pudding may be baked upside down, but when served it is the right way up so that the fruit and caramel syrup show. See recipe on this page.

with milk, fill into prepared tin. Bake 35 to 40 minutes in moderate oven. Turn out on to serving dish, cut in wedges and serve with custard.

SPICED PEAR UPSIDE-DOWN PUDDING

One and a half tablespoons butter, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 3 very small pears, 1 tablespoon finely chopped preserved ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, good $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Cream butter, brown sugar, and lemon juice. Spread over base of 8in. tin. Peel, core, and halve the pears, arrange in tin, sprinkle with ginger. Cream butter or substitute with honey and sugar, add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in flour sifted with salt, spice, and nutmeg. Add lemon rind and milk. Fill into tin, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Allow to stand in tin 2 minutes before turning on to serving dish. Serve in wedges with custard.

UPSIDE-DOWN VEGETABLE PIE

Three cups cooked vegetables (chopped carrots, parsnips or turnips, and peas), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sauce, 2 or 3 chopped shallots or 1 tablespoon grated onion, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 egg.

Combine vegetables with hot, freshly made sauce, add shallots or onion, salt and pepper to taste, and chopped parsley. Turn into greased 9in. sandwich-tin or 8in. shallow cake-tin. Sift flour and salt, rub in butter, add cheese. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Shape to fit tin on lightly floured board, lift into tin and brush top with milk. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Turn out of tin and serve hot cut in wedges.

SAUSAGE COBBLER WITH MUSTARD SAUCE

One pound sausages (beef, pork, or pork and veal), 2 small onions, 4oz. self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Slice onions, place in pan with sausages (skinned and cut into thick slices). Cook 10

minutes over moderate heat, stirring occasionally. The onions cook in the fat which melts out of the sausages. Reduce heat, cook 5 minutes longer. Turn into greased ovenware dish. Sift flour, salt, and pepper into a basin, make a well in centre, add unbeaten egg. Work flour in from the sides, gradually adding the milk to make a thin, smooth batter. Pour over the meat mixture, bake in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cut into wedges and serve hot with mustard sauce.

If preferred, a sauce of tomato puree flavored with Worcestershire sauce may be used.

Mustard Sauce: Melt 1 dessertspoon butter, add 1 dessertspoon flour, cook 2 minutes without browning. Stir in a good $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, continue stirring until boiling. Add 1 dessertspoon mixed mustard, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 heaped tablespoon chopped mustard pickles, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley. Serve hot.

Winning recipe in contest

A tasty vegetable dish that is especially good on cold nights wins this week's £5 prize in our recipe contest.

THIS vegetable hotpot is also an excellent way to disguise leftover vegetables.

A dessert wins a consolation prize.

All spoon measurements are level.

VEGETABLE HOTPOT

Two cups cooked macaroni, 3 cups cooked vegetables (peas, carrots, parsnips, celery, potato), 1 peeled and chopped tomato, 1 diced onion, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup stock, 4oz. grated tasty cheese, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 sliced tomato.

Mix together macaroni, vegetables, diced tomato, onion, Worcestershire sauce, and stock, and place in oven-proof dish in layers with cheese and breadcrumbs, finishing with cheese and breadcrumbs. Dot with butter and bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Place sliced tomato on top and return to oven 10

minutes. Serve garnished with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Miss J. Reid, 10 Walder St., Sandhill, Launceston, Tas.

HONEYED APPLE NESTS

Four cooking apples, 1 tablespoon mixed fruit, 1½ cups water, 1 cup honey, cochineal, 8oz. shortcrust pastry, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Peel and core apples, place skins and cores in saucepan with water, cook until soft. Strain and add 2/3rds of honey and color pink, heat to boiling point. Roll pastry thinly, cut into lin. strips. Wrap around apples, overlapping edges, leaving tops of apples uncovered. Mix remainder of honey with butter and fruit, fill into apples, place in a baking-dish, pour syrup over. Bake in a moderate oven 1 hour. Serve hot with syrup from dish and custard if liked.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Malin, 29 Elgin St., East Gordon, N.S.W.



VEGETABLE HOTPOT ready to serve for a weekend tea. The recipe, which wins the main prize of £5 in our weekly contest, is given at left.

TONY'S LUXURY DISH

VEAL Golden Birds is an attractive and practical way of serving veal," says Tony of Sydney's Colony Club.

"The dish can be cooked the day before and reheated to great advantage. It is rich in flavor and looks most tempting."

For six people the recipe is:

Three pounds veal steak 1½ in. thick, 1 cup cream, 3 tablespoons butter, 1½ cups chicken stock, 1 dessertspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup flour, as many prunes as there are "birds."

Cut the meat into 3 in. pieces and pound them to 1 in. thickness. Place a prune on each slice. Roll tightly and tie securely with string or fasten with a cocktail stick, though this is not so effective. Roll in seasoned flour and brown evenly in butter.

Place in a pot and pour over some stock and let simmer one hour. Add the cream during the last half-hour and season more if necessary.

Take up the "birds," remove the strings, return them to the pot, and cook them for a few minutes; they are then ready to serve in their own delicious sauce.

Serve with mashed potatoes and peas.

Kitchen hints...

NEXT time you make a junket, try sprinkling a little grated orange rind over the top. It's delicious.

FOR a "different" vegetable, cook shredded cabbage in a very small amount of unsweetened pineapple juice mixed with an equal quantity of water. Add a sprinkling of salt and a nut of butter. Fine with roast beef or crumbed cutlets.

USE those last bits of jam or marmalade to fill baked apples.

A GOOD emergency container for dripping is a large enamel mug. It can be lifted by the handle when full of hot fat.

IF your sugar container should become infested with small black ants, remove lid and place in direct sunlight. The ants will leave.

NUTRITIOUS FAMILY DISH

Brains with bacon and hard-boiled eggs in a crisp potato-case make this week's family dish, which costs approximately 6/6 and serves four or five.

BRAIN AND BACON PIE

Three sets brains, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 onion, thin piece of lemon rind, 1½ cups medium-thickness white sauce, 2oz. chopped cooked bacon (rind removed), 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1½ cups mashed cooked potato, salt, pepper, grated cheese.

Soak brains 1/2 hour in cold salted water, remove skins. Cover with fresh cold water, bring to boiling point; drain. Cover again

with cold water, add salt, lemon rind, and chopped onion. Bring to the boil, simmer 20 minutes. Drain and chop. Add to white sauce with bacon, chopped hard-boiled eggs, and seasoning to taste. Line a greased pie-dish with potato, fill with brain mixture, sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes until thoroughly heated and cheese topping lightly browned. Serve garnished with parsley.



GUEST ARTISTS

I MAKE SURE THERE'S PLENTY OF KLEENEX IN BATHROOM FOR GUESTS. SAVES LIPSTICK MARKS ON TOWELS. SO MUCH BETTER FOR REMOVING MAKE-UP. Miss M. Kenny, Holland Park, Brisbane.

KEEPS WHITE WOOL WHITE

I DO A LOT OF KNITTING IN MY SPARE TIME. IT'S MOSTLY BABY WORK WITH DELICATE WHITE WOOLS. MY TIP: WHILE KNITTING I CLEAN MY HANDS WITH KLEENEX. KEEPS ALL COLOURS SO CLEAN. Mrs. A. L. Brewis, Mildura, N.S.W.

"TELL ME ANOTHER" says KLEENEX



ON THE BOTTLE?

WHENEVER YOU BUY A COUGH REMEDY ALSO BUY SOFT-ON-THE-NOSE KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES. USE INSTEAD OF GERM-SOAKED HANKIES. SAVE HORRID LAUNDRY. DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET.



GO EASY, BABY!

KLEENEX REDUCES BABY'S WASH. USE KLEENEX TISSUES INSTEAD OF BIBS. LINE NAPPIES WITH KLEENEX. WIPE DRIBBLES WITH KLEENEX.



ON SALE EVERYWHERE

KL5-6-36



GARDENS AT THE CHALET, Mount Buffalo, Victoria, are a blaze of color in spring. When grouping plants in this way, don't forget color. Flower colors can clash and kill the beauty of each other. So much success in gardening depends on careful selection.

SPRING PLANNING

When the wintry winds are howling and the rain is slashing your window-panes, sit down by the fire and forget how cold it is in planning for spring in the garden.

IT is a good idea to start by studying nurserymen's catalogues to find out what new varieties are offering and also to refresh your memory on not-so-new things. So many glorious plants and shrubs are available that it is easy for something to slip your mind.

Perhaps you may decide to re-design part of the garden, or maybe you are going to make a new one altogether. The way to start is to make a plan on paper, relating the full-grown size of the plants you choose to the area of the garden. It is both wasteful and expensive to overplant and the results just look untidy.

In re-planning, remember that existing trees, shrubs, and buildings must be considered and placed on the plan. Views, both good and bad, must be also taken into account, so mark them on the plan as well. In studying the catalogues, take careful note of heights, otherwise one of your favorites may be entirely hidden.

Professional landscape gardeners group all border plants into three groups. First, foreground plants, those which grow less than 15 inches; second, the medium growers, which vary from 15 inches to 3 feet; third, the tall growers, which grow from 3 to 8 feet. This sort of grouping simplifies planning.

Border plants include low-growing annuals such as phlox, petunias, sweet Alice, mignonette, and perennials like perennial forget-me-not, stokesia, thyme, cat-mint, campanula, coreopsis, saxifrage.

Medium growers include summer annuals like zinnias, marigolds, cornflower, and perennials like pentstemon, perennial phlox, michaelmas daisy, perennial salvia

uliginosa (blue and white), bearded iris, day-lilies vars. aurcole (pale orange yellow), Dr. Regal (single orange).

Among the tall growers are red hot poker vars. Sandersii (deep red and pale yellow), Lord Roberts (red), Nobilis (orange-scarlet), dahlias, delphiniums, fuchsias, azaleas, hydrangeas, and most shrubs.

Having chosen the plants, place them exactly on the plan, putting them in groups or singles. There is no doubt that annuals and herbaceous perennials make their finest display when planted in groups. Three or five plants placed informally will look so much more spectacular than when planted singly.

In most gardens trees have to be planted singly, because space prevents mass planting.

Beware of regimental plantings. Even spacing in rows which appear to have been measured is uninteresting. To avoid this, medium and tall plants can trespass on each other's soil.

Next, transfer your thoughts from flowers to food, and plan how you can make best use of space available for the vegetable garden.

It pays to do some preliminary soil preparation to provide the most favorable conditions for root development, which is the basis of strong, healthy top growth.

To be productive, soil must be well drained and well supplied with plant food and organic matter. During winter, clays and clay loams should be clodded and left in the rough, when winter rains will sink in readily and be stored for future use. Dust the clods with lime or dolomite, and they will break easily in the spring when you take to them with a fork or rake.

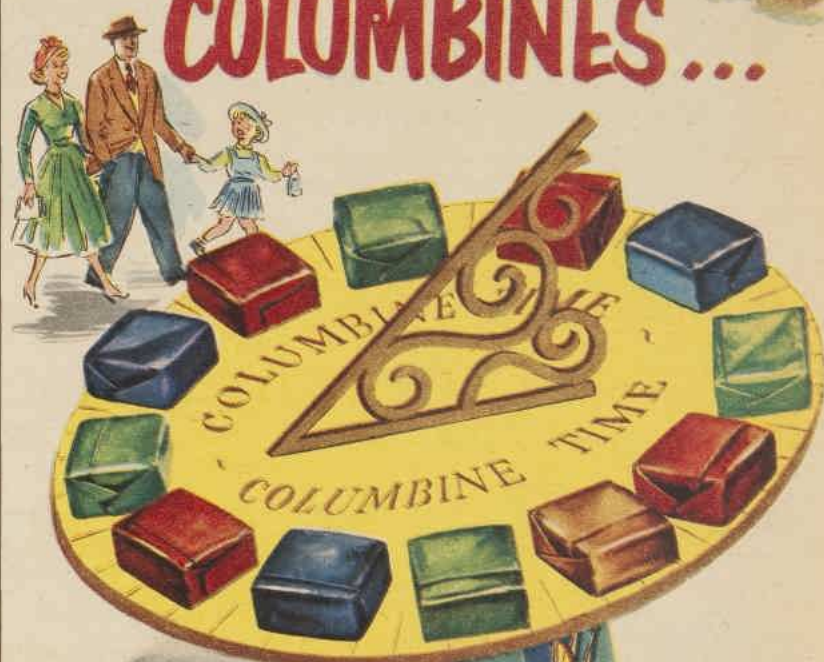
Next there is the job of replenishing. Go over your stocks of seed boxes, flower pots, stakes, raffia or whatever else you use to tie up plants. If supplies are a bit light, order some more; if repairs are needed, do them straight away.

When all these essentials have been done, if you still have some winter left, it is an idea to repair fences, paving, or trellises.

SPRING GARDEN. Mr. A. Westbrook's garden at Pymble, N.S.W., shows his blossoming cherry tree to advantage.



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THE GREAT NAME IN CONFECTIONERY



• Baby's stroller (left), which was made into the washmobile shown in the sketch below. The hood from the stroller was re-covered and fitted as a grass-catcher on the lawnmower, as shown at right.



Homemaker contest

A "WASHMOBILE"—a four-wheeled trolley for carrying a clothes-basket and peg-box—made from a baby's stroller is this week's prizewinning entry in our contest on how to make something new from something old.

The hood of the stroller was fitted as a grass-catcher on a lawnmower.

Mrs. A. L. Hargraves, of 76 Ely St., Revesby, N.S.W., wins the £3/3/- cash prize for the entry.



Mrs. Hargraves writes of the conversion done by her husband:

"After stripping the canvas, hood, arm and foot rests from the stroller, the two rivets joining the cross-legs were knocked out and the short legs lowered on to the front axle to form the base for a box to hold pegs.

"Two new, longer cross-legs were riveted to the old long legs; these were riveted higher up than before to give a comfortable height and were secured at the base with the metal brackets that previously supported the arm-rests.

"Two cross-pieces of timber were screwed on to the new legs to support the oblong

• This sketch shows how the stroller was remade to serve as a washmobile.

1955 KNITTING BOOK

Directions for 51 varied, easy-to-knit garments are given in our Family Knitting Book for 1955.

EVERY design in this 48-page book is illustrated, and many of the illustrations are shown in color.

Get a copy today from our head office or newsagent or bookseller. Price, 1/6.

In Part 1 there are 22 designs for babies and toddlers. Included are caps, bonnets, booties, mittens, rompers, sweaters, cardigans, dressing-gowns, and vests.

Part 2 caters for boys and girls in the 4-to-14 age group. More than 20 designs are given in this section, and most of the cardigan and sweater patterns are for varied sizes.

Part 3 has sock patterns

baby bath that I use as a clothes-basket.

"With the exception of the new legs and the peg-box, all the parts used in this conversion were from the old stroller.

"The hood of the stroller was re-covered with canvas with the top left open, and fitted on to the mower."

Each week a cash prize of £3/3/- is given to the reader who makes the most interesting and useful article from something old.



CAP-AND-MITTS SET (above) and cosy windcheater jacket (right) are three of the patterns which are shown in color in Part 2 of our Family Knitting Book. Get a copy today. Price, 1/6.



CARE OF BABY'S EYES

By Sister Mary Jacob, Our Mothercraft Nurse

PARTICULAR attention should be given to children's eyes from the babyhood into the school-age period.

In the first few weeks of life the eyes are not washed and cleansed by the normal tear-flow. For this reason a baby's eyes should be washed daily with a cleansing boracic solution until the tear-glands begin to function.

Discharging eyes, a blocked tear-duct, or a squint are troubles that are often encountered in very young babies. A squint is perhaps the most common, as both eyes do not focus accurately at first. A leaflet dealing with these early eye troubles and outlining the general care is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

A stamped, addressed envelope should be enclosed with the request.



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No other car gives you so much satisfaction—per-mile for so little outlay! You'll be thrilled at the pep of the "Minor's" O.H.V. engine . . . you'll marvel at the comfort of "within-the-wheelbase" seating and the torsion-bar suspension . . . you'll be delighted when you learn just how little motoring pleasure can cost.

Let your Morris dealer show you why the "Minor" is the "world's biggest light car buy" . . . and what it means to own a car with thousands of millions of road-proven miles behind it.

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Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS
F3109.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make bolero and skirt, styled for the 6 to 12 age span. Sizes: Lengths 23in., 27in., 31in., and 35in. for 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 2-3rd yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/6.

F3669

F3669.—Smart jacket and dress ensemble, the dress featuring a tucked trim to match the trim on the fitted waist-length jacket. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price, 4/6.

F3433.—Attractively styled button-through coat-dress has a contrasting collar and bow-tie. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material and 4yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/9.

F2921.—Men's tailored pyjamas. Sizes: S.M., M., O.S. Requires 3yds. 36in. material and 1-3rd yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 4/6.

F3433

F3109

F2921

F3670.—One-piece dress styled with an extended body line and shirt-waist top. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/9.

F3670

FASHION Patterns and Needlework
Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ulm, Sydney (postal address, Box 400, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 686, G.P.O., Auckland.

F3688.—Skirt, weskit, and blouse ensemble. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires: Skirt, 2yds. 54in. material; weskit, 1yd. 54in. material; blouse, 1 1/2yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

F3088

No. 922.—ONE-PIECE DRESS
Simple, neat-as-a-pin one-piece dress in obtainable cut out ready to make with an easy-to-follow instruction chart. The material and color choice is a pinapop British cotton in red, blue, green, and pink, printed with a white spot, and a novelty check in red and white, blue and white, green and white, pink and white, and lemon and white. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 30in., 36in., and 38in. bust, 33 1/2. Postage and registration, 2/8 extra.

No. 923.—DAISY LUNCHEON SET
The mats are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green, and Irish linen in white and cream. Five-piece set including one large mat 11in. x 11in., 4 plate mats 11in. x 14in. Price, 17/9. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra. Seven-piece set including one large mat and six plate mats. Price, 21/6. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra. Serviettes to match, 11in. x 11in. Price, 1/11 each. Postage, 3d. extra.

No. 924.—POT HOLDERS
Three attractive pot holders are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is a pin-spot summer breeze in red, blue, pink, and green printed with a white spot. The bias binding is not supplied. Price, 1/6 each; set of three, 4/1. Postage, 6d. extra.

No. 925.—SMALL BOY'S WAISTCOAT AND PANTS
The outfit is obtainable cut out ready to make. The waistcoat is in fleecy-backed cotton tartan in Royal Stewart, Dress Stewart, McBeth, and Victoria. The pants are in Gessors in grey, brown, and green. Sizes: Waistcoat: 2 years 10 1/2, 3 years 11 1/2, 4 years 12 1/2, 5 to 6 years 14 1/2. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra. Pants: 2 years 17/9, 3 years 18/9, 4 years 19/1, 5 to 6 years 21/9. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra.

No. 925.—SMALL GIRL'S WAISTCOAT AND PLEATED SKIRT
Waistcoat is in the same material and price range as No. 926. The pleated skirt is cut out ready to make in Dannel wool in grey, brown, dark green, and dark blue. Sizes: Lengths: 18in. for 2 years 23/6, 19in. for 3 years 24/9, 20in. for 4 years 25/2, 21in. for 5 to 6 years 27/2. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

• Note.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



922



926



925

924

923



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GOR-RAY Skirts one better!
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My family's a big one and very hard on sheets. And that means a lot of laundering! But I've found that Actil take it beautifully. Actil seem actually to improve in smoothness and quality with repeated washings.

An Australian Product
Generous hemmed sizes
Woven for extra strength
Hygienically boxed



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